

THE HOME: A FIRESIDE MONTHLY.

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ON LAUGHTER.

BY E. G. HOLDEN.

WHAT ARE YOU LAUGHING AT?—I propose this question in all seriousness. You may never have felt more solemn in all your life, than at this moment, while reading these lines; nevertheless, I now give you a metaphorical poke in your ribs, and gravely ask, “What are you laughing at?” It may be, I shall repent having propounded this question, lest before you have heard all I have to say, I may be made the object of your mirthfulness. But did you ever endeavor to trace the multifarious causes of laughter? The important, serious, ill-timed, ridiculous, and foolish causes? The necessity and abuse of laughter? The manner, pleasant and disgusting, of various persons while laughing? These all afford food for some reflection, even if it is not very profound. It is then from these considerations, and not from any puerile curiosity, that I inquire again, “What are you laughing at?” Perhaps you are one of those who never laugh. Who go through this jolly, sunny world, without a smile; who through a natural disposition or education, live among the various, mirth-provoking scenes of human folly, human weakness, and human pseudowisdom, without changing a muscle. If you are one of these stoics, please close this magazine, and brood over your acridity. To such as you, I do not wish to speak. God pity you! I say, for you deserve no pity from men. You should be branded on the back, as they brand French criminals,

and though time may heal the cautery, when adversity, with its hard, iron hand, slaps you on the back, out it will come, the *Hater-of-mirth*. Thank heaven, there are not many like you.

History tells us of one man who never laughed but once. Marcus Crassus, surnamed Agelastus for this reason, had the enviable distinction of being provoked into a smile, only once in his life, by seeing a jackass eating a thistle. The sight of this weed, no doubt—“pricked the sides of his intent” to such a degree, that for once he was obliged to shake them. A witty Frenchman, on hearing this, replied that he never laughed so much as when he saw a donkey kicking up his heels, and from sympathy, he was obliged to *rire* (to laugh).

Our Saviour, it is said, though on what authority I have never discovered, was not ever known to laugh. But are we prepared to believe, that he who wept for, and felt, and knew, all the sorrows and sufferings of others, could not also laugh and rejoice outwardly with their pleasures and happiness? Both are sympathetic emotions, and can we suppose, that he who was the embodiment of a perfect humanity, possessed the one, without the other? No, laughter is God-given; the safety-valve of pent-up griefs, and suppressed sorrow.

The causes of laughter are, of course, as many, as its occurrence is frequent, But we fear that the greatest cause of all, is,—nothing. How many times,

incentive to worship him. Such laughter is contagious. No one can resist its influence. Such a one is always welcome. We love to admit his sunshine into our own soul: and like the sun he loses nothing by bestowing his light and warmth upon others. Great intellects, whose intense workings often cloud the brow, sink into insignificance, when compared with the cheerful light which bestows beauty even on an ugly face. Such laughter is the index of manliness; such smiles, the seal of the Creator.

The causes of laughter. Wit is the chief. False wit is too often the cause. Wit is nothing, at best, but new analogies and unexpected comparisons. It is merely looking at a thing in a *new*, but at the same time ridiculous light. Or more properly, perhaps, I should say, that this new light makes the idea ridiculous. It consists very often in the unexpected termination to a sentence. In proof of this, I would call to notice the fact, that good jokes are very frequently spoiled by their narrator, because he brings in the point, on which all depends, a little too soon. But wit does not nor should not possess the substance of humor. The one is the sparkling foam, the other, the more solid body of the wine.

A man is often reprimanded for laughing at his own jokes. In a lecturer or reader, to whom they are stale, this condemnation is just. Otherwise, as a general thing, it is not. Listen to what Charles Lamb, the prince of jokers, says on this point: "This is to expect a gentleman to give a treat without partaking of it; to sit esurient at his own table, and commend the flavor of his venison upon the absurd strength of his never touching it himself. On the contrary, we love to see a wag *taste* his own joke to his party; to watch a quirk, or merry conceit, flickering upon the lips some seconds before the tongue is delivered of it. If it be good, fresh, and racy—begotten of the occasion; if he that utters it never thought of it before, he is naturally the first to be tickled with it;

and any suppression of such complacency we hold to be churlish and insulting. What does it seem to imply, but that your company is weak or foolish enough to be moved by an image or a fancy that shall stir you not at all, or but faintly? This is exactly the humor of the fine gentleman in Mandeville, who, while he dazzles his guests with the display of some costly toy, affects himself to 'see nothing considerable in it.'"

I would remark, parenthetically, that Charles Lamb probably did not intend these thoughts to be construed into a license to those who always laugh the loudest at their own jokes. But my interrogatory hardly admits of a discussion on wit, except to state it as a cause. Unusual and unpleasant positions often form an incentive to laughter. You have probably walked out when the streets glared with ice, and while laughing at the prostration of others (who you thought were evidently righteous people, for the *wicked* stand in slippery places, and they couldn't), down you went yourself. How such a fall takes the self-complacency and self-confidence out of a man! You rise and gaze around to see if any one witnessed your disaster. You behold twenty or thirty on a broad grin, and in your confusion and shame, you forget any damage you may have received from the fall, while you are thinking, only how to assume a perfect indifference and boldness of expression, and all the time you never felt smaller and meaner in your life. You would almost persuade the spectators that it was done on purpose, and only to test the induration of your frame. From these feelings I draw a maxim, which, however, I shall not dare to generalize,—A man dislikes most to be laughed at for that which he can't help. There are some men, or rather libels upon manhood, who dare to laugh at human physical infirmities. I say *dare*. It is even God-defying—to mock at his image, which, for some reason, he has not chosen to make perfect. To say nothing of its

ungenerousness, it is absolutely cruel. That which should most call forth our sympathy and pity, which would lead us to extend a helping hand, is, on the contrary, made a subject of heartless mirth, and inexcusable derision.

I have thus endeavored to point out to you what you all probably well knew before, some of the ways in which we prove ourselves by our laughter to be ruffians, fiends, fools, or noblemen. How each one adopts, unconsciously, for his model, a Bill Poole, a Talleyrand, a Flora McFlimsey, or a Thomas Hood, the latter of whom, even when pressed down by the most abject poverty, and worn out by the consumption, still preserved that hearty good-humor which characterizes all his writings, still, by the buoyancy of his spirits, rose superior to Despondency and Gloom, who were continually threatening to flap their black wings in his face. Sustained, he may have been, by a Christian's hope, it was his heart's sunshine that made this hope brighter.

I have told you, too, of some of the causes of mirth, and it must be perfectly evident to all what kind of a man he is, who is governed by these causes, in a great degree. Perhaps, in this view of the case, perhaps, in consideration that you may thus learn to judge of yourself, that thus you can analyze your taste, your cultivation, and your amount of common-sense, that thus may you learn how to live more happily, or to live and die without being blessed by your fellow-creatures, that thus you may know how to build a monument to your own worth, which shall be founded upon the good and kind wishes of all you have met, perhaps, I say, in looking at the subject in this light, you will recognize the pertinency of my question, when I ask, "What are you laughing at?"

A wise Frenchman remarks that we may count that day lost which we have passed without a laugh.

DEATH IN SUN-LAND.

BY H. C. VICTOR.

"Young flowers and an evergreen tree
May spring from the spot of thy rest:"

CHARLIE H—, and myself were constant companions. Congenial in tastes and disposition we formed, at an early age, one of those very rare attachments read of, but not often witnessed, and which proved as enduring as life. The halcyon days of childhood were spent in sweet companionship; in the spring we culled the flowers, rambled in the fields and woods, and enjoyed, like a pair of butterflies, the beauties of awakening life; reveled, like bees, on the sweets of resurrected nature, which arose, at the touch of the magic wand of spring, from the cold grave of Winter. Summer's heat would drive us together into the shaded dell, beside the cool, running waters of a laughing stream not far from our home, there to muse, and talk, and think of the mystery of life, and the glories of our being. These, to my spiritual-minded companion, were subjects he loved to dwell upon; and, even at an early age, would never tire of talking of them. The life of the vegetable and animal creation, was to him a book, from which could be drawn great stores of happiness:—the rays of the glory of his being would be seen by his eye of faith, leading away aloft to a bright world beyond the skies. If there was no good in his Summer fancies, neither was there harm; and I know they were as sweet as the honeycomb to him. Who shall guide a child's fancies, and curb the vagaries of his imagination? This last quality of mind led Charlie to hear, in the voice of the Autumn wind, a strange melody; he would sometimes have it a requiem, plaintive and sad—the wailing of the dying life of Summer, just past and gone; and the rustle of the falling leaf would be a note to chord with the harmonies of the sad song: again it would be a deep song of joy, its melody unlike any thing but voices

from the Silent Land. The music to him was always spiritual, and suggestive of life beyond the tomb. This, in fact, was the point to which his thoughts, emotions, and feelings were sure to converge; as sure to bring up at that stand-point, as he would be to indulge in them. His mind was as spiritual, as his body was frail, and that was as though a rude wind would shatter the fabric.

Our lots were cast in a pleasant place; and so far from my friend's sensitiveness and intellectually spiritual aspirations being blunted by contact with a harsh matter-of-fact world, he was carefully shielded and protected from its influences.

Such was the lot of both of us until youth's estate was reached: careful, affectionate guardianship was a blessing vouchsafed to us at that period of life, when like frail plants we needed the choicest of care. Had it not been so, the spiritual-minded Charlie would have perished—wilted by the world's harshness—long before he had blossomed into the fullness of manhood. But, this blessing could not always be our lot; the mortal cup of joy, could not, in this world, remain unmixed with the bitter draught of its experiences. The time came when we were to go forth to take our first lessons in preparation for doing the battle of life; we were to be *educated*. Passing over details, I may say, we were "sent to one school." For two years we aided one another in acquiring knowledge; and then came a long-dreaded separation. Charlie's health, always so delicate, suffered from the confinement and application to study, and he was to return to the quiet home of our childhood; I was to complete the course of study allotted. In the society of my friend I had heretofore lived; now, I was, in his absence, to feel how drear life was without companionship. This separation was another of the bitter draughts of our early lives, but we were to profit by it, for it was but a prelude to a longer one. * * * *

The years passed, and found me away from home, in one of the great cities of the world, striving "to do for myself." Men said I was succeeding manfully; yet, little they knew how much more my heart was in my lone home than in the fitful, feverish life of a city, engaged in acquiring wealth! as grateful would the rest of that home have been to me, as "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land" would have been to the wearied traveler,—for there was the friend of my youth, whose society I longed for with a desire unutterable. *They* said he was slowly dying. *He*, in the touching letters which I, at stated periods, received from him, spoken nothing of illness, but all was hope, peace, and love. Physicians told me all that could save my friend was a more genial clime; and one, in whom I had especial confidence, had strongly recommended the benefits of a voyage to the East Indies. "For," said he, "the climate there, usually so baneful to the foreigner, is the best in the world for the consumptive; its air, so deadly to the healthy plant, seems to give new life to the diseased one."*

I could *make* business in the East: why not do so and have Charlie accompany me? By making some sacrifice, I might be the means of saving the life of my dearest friend. No sooner had I thought of this, than, like a drowning man, I clutched at the hope, straw though it might be.

A few days saw me at my home, not to enjoy its calm and quiet, but to fulfill a mission of life and health toward my friend. My powers of persuasion were taxed to the utmost at first, for the rest and quiet of his home were very dear to him. Yet, when I reminded him of our boyhood's dreams, of the fair lands of the bright Eastern world, I touched a chord whose vibrations were strong and musical. Often had we together reveled in imagination, in the bright

* Subsequent knowledge confirmed the truth of this. I have known persons tottering on the verge of the grave, to be restored to life and health by a visit to the far East.

scenes of the gorgeous Orient; had seen its fairy islands reflecting their bright images from the calm waters of quiet seas—their palms looking down at the many-hued forests and white sands which rested in the azure deep. We had seen turreted cities rising from spice groves, strange and beautiful with fantastic wonders, their white minarets peering up from the green foliage like things of life. From the spice groves we had heard sounds of pleasantness, from the jungles songs of joy, and from the mountains, music like unto that of the “sound of many waters.” The potency of imagination was shown, when after recalling these visions of early days, Charlie’s consent was given to go with me, and visit the storied East, and realize the dreams of childhood. Restoration to health he did not look for; relief, he did. I had told him of the health-giving sea-breeze, of the balmy and equable air of the tropics, and he believed in their virtues.

Passing hastily on I come to the time when we found ourselves on the broad Atlantic—our ship heading for Manilla, via Mauritius. Our craft was a splendid specimen of a clipper bark, and as well officered as any vessel that ever carried canvas. This, with the best of quarters, made me hope for a pleasant voyage for my friend. Nothing was wanting to contribute to his comfort which the solicitude of friendship and kindness of strangers could supply. Contrary to expectation, the sea-sickness experienced during the first part of the voyage benefited him, and when he was fairly over it, so that he could come on deck, and enjoy the pure warm air and pleasant sunshine, the bracing trade-wind which was carrying us swiftly on our course, he experienced a sensation of returning health not felt for years. Then, too, the change was so novel; all around was like a new creation:—the life on the great deep, and the life in it, were full of wonders, and he reveled in the enjoyment of their strangeness. I was led to hope for much

from this great change, and I rejoiced in my new hope all the more, because it was beyond what I expected. It made me glad to see him once more enjoy life. Slowly he gained strength, and surely health, until we were rounding the “stormy Cape,” and there experiencing heavy weather, the chill air, so unlike what we had left, grated harshly on his frail tenement. But fortunately this did not last long, for we were soon into pleasant weather, and on our course toward Mauritius; and again the warm, genial sunshine brought joyous health on its wings; the faded cheek again becoming flushed, I thought with health.

The pleasant winds of the South Pacific soon brought us all into fine spirits. Our days were those of pleasantness; evening was enjoyed on deck, generally listening to stories of adventure on the seas—often wild and weird—recited by the officers, mainly by the captain and his grizzly, old, weather-beaten mate. As these narratives—called “yarn spinning”—pleased my friend, they were indulged in the more by the worthies above named; for Charlie had won his way into their affections,—to use their own rough expression—“like water coming into a ship when a plank is off.” Many a bright night, when the moon and stars were flashing in the heaving waters around, have we listened to life-experiences which were new and strange to us, the narration of which would cause us to spend sleepless hours at night.

One bright morning we sighted the island of Mauritius, or, as I shall call it by its old and beautiful name, “Isle of France.” This was our first stepping-stone toward the Eastern World; a place of whose beauties we had heard much; which has been immortalized by the pen of St. Pierre. I shall never forget the rapture of my friend when we had neared the island. It was his first sight of tropic land. One of the gems of earth is that Isle of France. Approaching it from the south side, he who fails to see in it

lustre above that of its ocean-fellows, must be strangely lacking of a love for the beautiful. Rising, with its sister island, Bourbon—hatefully christened, lately, *Reunion*,—majestically from the deep sea. Its mountains thrust their tops away above cloud land. Their sides, green with tropical verdure, look down into valleys and plains as lovely as a poet's dream of Arcadia. Then, every thing looks so smiling and happy, as though a cloud never obscured its loveliness! I have never seen a fairer sight than that tropical island, as viewed from the sea.

We soon came to in the harbor of Port Louis, and forthwith visited the shore. Furnished with a letter of introduction to an opulent French sugar-planter, I did not wait to "see the sights" of a strange land; but, procuring a "garree," or carriage, proceeded toward his plantation, some eight miles away, I remember with a melancholy pleasure the delight of my invalid friend as we swiftly coursed along the road through scenes so new to both. The fantastic Oriental costumes of the Indians, the tropical foliage, the wilderness of flowers—each and all came in for their share of praise; every thing was so new and strange. A drive, only too short, brought us to a fine plantation: we had traveled without knowing it, over ground and through scenes made classic by traditionary association with the loves of Paul and Virginia. A ride of an eighth of a mile through an avenue of cocoa-palms, brought us to a superb mansion embowered in foliage and flowers. This was the residence of the person we were seeking. Monsieur J—, whom we found at home, and who, after the presentation of my letter, greeted us most warmly, and would listen to no excuse for not making his house our home during the time we were to stay in the island; or, to use his own words, "to consider every thing belonging to him as our own." Here was a specimen of Mauritian hospitality, a trait of character for which the residents of these islands are justly celebrated.

Behold us now, after a trip to the port, carried there and back in the splendid carriage of our host, and accompanied by him, each the occupant of a finely furnished room on the first floor of the J— mansion, with a Bengalese servant apiece to do our bidding. The family, consisting of Monsieur and Madame J—, their son Louis, a lad of fifteen, and daughters Marie and Pauline, of twelve and seventeen years old, were elegant and refined, possessing in an eminent degree those fine characteristics which seem to belong exclusively to the French Creoles of the Mauritius as a class—courtly manners, and unbounded unostentatious hospitality. All things promised well for us. H—, as usual, had after a few days' stay, prepossessed all of his new acquaintances in his favor. His enjoyment of things around him was unbounded, they were so new to him. Let him tell the story of his delights in the following extract from a letter which I have now before me. It is written to a dear sister of his, and is dated about two weeks after our arrival at the island.

"I told you, my dearest Mary, in a letter written on the evening of our arrival at this Paradise, of my sea-experiences; little else had I to tell about, for since leaving home, this is the first land I have set foot on. I believe I told you also of my first impressions of this Isle of France; how strangely beautiful, and beautifully strange it seemed to me as we approached it from the sea. I did not tell you how that, in answer to one of my many exclamations of delight at the beauty of the fabric before me, that our old bull-dog of a mate—a glorious old fellow with all of his roughness—said "yes, it looked as fine as a shark with a shirt on." Such was sailor appreciation of the beautiful and grand.

"Well, two weeks have passed, and how full of delights has that time been to me. Here am I, writing to you from the midst of a wilderness of

flowers, stopping occasionally to look up and out on the finest landscape I ever saw. Here am I, not more than two miles from the valley immortalized by Bernardin St. Pierre, as being the abiding place of his Paul and Virginia, and the sound of the surf in which was lost the St. Geran, is brought by the sea-breeze in mournful cadences to my ear. Romantic tradition has invested many a bright spot around me with interest, from its connection with that touching romance; not far off is the shrines made sacred to the stranger as being the traditional resting-place of the hapless lovers. The rustling of the cocoapalm and tamarind-tree, is heard just over my window, and the sweet odors of the beautiful flowers regale my senses like airs from Paradise. Indeed, Mary, I have fancied myself for the past two weeks in Arcadia, so bright, lovely, grand, and picturesque is this sunny island. Here is the poet's dream realized, for we have the towering mountains, down whose side courses the bright cascade, gleaming in the sunshine like beautiful things; and there are forests of golden-fruited trees in the lovely valleys, whose verdure is ever green. Bright, shining waters course along through those valleys, and glisten in the shadows of the living trees. Fertile plains look up smilingly to heaven as though rejoicing in their plenty. And there are not wanting forms of rare beauty to enjoy all this; many lovely faces have I seen peering out from the green foliage. The landscape is very like the ideal pictures of a great painter whose works you and I admire so much—a *spirituelle* artist.

"To form, my dear M., a proper idea of this island where I now am, imagine a place blessed with a climate of perpetual spring, a soil most genial, producing every tropical production which contributes to the luxury and comfort of mankind; fruits of the most delicious flavor, spices most fragrant and flowers of rare beauty are its chosen offspring. You must see

a landscape of varied beauty, composed of majestic mountains, whose gray rocks are partly covered with green verdure, wide-spreading plains covered with waving sugar-cane, and groves of fruit-trees with the handsome houses of the planters, and cottages of the laborers embowered in the midst of them, and hills and valleys teeming with life; and then you have a faint idea of the Isle of France. The society here is composed almost entirely of "Creole French;" that is, apart from the laboring classes, who are Malabars, and the garrison, which is English. The landholders are the first-named class, and a splendid set of people they are. French-like they are gay and vivacious, but unlike that people, they are neither immoral nor frivolous. Generally possessing wealth they expend it by living in a princely style, enjoying social life and intercourse, and maintaining a hospitality all their own. Unlike the French in France, they have *homes*, places which are sacred to them as such, from which emanate their chief joys. With a love for the beautiful, they delight to adorn their houses, bringing prolific nature under the sway of art in so doing. Nature here is so very prolific, in the adornment of their grounds, gardens, etc., that art is necessary to curb, restrain, and guide her. The seed is sown and the rich soil and genial sun forthwith bring forth its myriads of fruits and flowers. But, as if it was purposed that there should be nothing perfect in this world, this fair picture has its blemishes. We are told that every few years terrible hurricanes desolate the island. These are, fortunately, few and far between. You will remember that it was during the rule of the great *Bourdonnais*, that in 1743 the wreck of the St. Geran occurred during a terrible hurricane, the incidents of which were handled in so masterly a manner by St. Pierre, who subsequently visited the island. His immortal romance has far more foundation in fact than people suppose, if

the traditions of the island are to be believed.

"I am still, my dear M., located at the lovely spot I told you of before, and am as enraptured as ever with its beauties. I must write a special letter descriptive of them, in which I will tell you of this fine house with its white columns peering out from the green dense foliage, which allows you to see just a little of it from the highway, and that little makes you long to see more. I will tell you of the cocoa-palms, nutmeg, tamarind, bread-fruit, guava, orange, lemon, and the many other strange—to me—fruit and shade trees, grouped lovingly around the house; and I shall not forget the flowers—for I know your love of flowers—which are here so varied and beautiful, so full of fragrance. And then I will tell you more of our high-souled entertainer, who is one of the rarest men it has been my good fortune to meet in this poor world; of his lady, who is indeed a lady; of the bright-eyed boy who is so like his father in mind and feature. What shall I say of the two gentle creatures who are the joy of this happy household,—the accomplished and lovely daughters. I am almost persuaded to tell you *now* all about them; but no, I will wait, and let V— tell you of the youngest, Marie (now don't be jealous, dear M., for she is only twelve years old), and I will rehearse the glories of Pauline, with whom the social customs of the island, and my own inclinations, allowed me to get fully acquainted with immediately on becoming her father's guest—blessings on that want of restraint which is a characteristic of this people. That gentle creature, M., possesses a type of beauty very rare in our matter-of-fact country, at least in the northern portions of it. But her intellectual beauty is what most fascinates me; this, with her *spirituelle* expression of countenance, and fine form, make her, to my eye, the most peerless beauty I ever saw, or ever expect to in this life. But I had almost commenced

describing her; a volume could not do that; and the graces of her mind, ah!—how much shall I say of them? I wish you could sit with us in the cool evening, when the sea-breeze is sighing so gently amid the trees and flowers, and see and hear her as she touches with a *maestro's* hand the harp-strings. Beside the beautiful songs of her own rich language, she can sing those of mine. Now, that grand song of liberty, "The *Marseillaise*," is heard; and then the splendid "Fatherland" echoes through the halls; and anon we are told of the sweetness of home in strains of sweet music.

"But again I forget; I hardly know where to stop, I will have enough to tell you when I again see you to take me many a long day. Under the many genial influences which I have been subjected to, I am glad to say I am enjoying, what I have not for years, health. Dear V— (*you* know he is dear), is so glad for my sake, and so proud of his powers of persuasion that brought me here."

* * * * *

That "next letter" was never written. I must hasten and tell the sad story. Unacclimated persons at the Mauritius are subject to a fever which is often fatal. This is generally the result of exposure to the hot sun, or the rain. Forgetting the frequent warnings given him, H— one day, during one of his solitary walks, exposed himself to both, and the consequences followed. Notwithstanding a hot mixture given him by Monsieur J—, he was taken in the evening with pains which foretold fever. Medical aid, the loving attention of the family, to whom he had become endeared, and my own frantic solicitude could not prevent the fever from fastening on his weak frame. Morning found him insensible, laying in a trance-like stupor, his face flushed, and his eyes, so lately beaming with joy and brightness, half closed and dull.

Three days passed by: I need not

tell of the age of anguish compressed into that brief time; other hearts than mine felt it, and one gentle nature felt as deeply as I did, and was bowed like the lily before the blast. I have not the courage to reveal the secrets of the anguish I witnessed, nor the power to tell what I felt. Let me draw the vail.

It was evening; the sun had not yet gone to rest, but still shone brightly on the foliage around the J—— mansion. The rays of light were strangely beautiful as they rested on the dark green of the leaves of those stately trees; and they made radiant the mountain tops which were afar off; and the clouds which rested like a white diadem upon their brows, when the sun had sunk low enough to look at them from beneath, were made a crown of gold, and the mountains, as though all nature was looking at them, blushed under its golden crown just a little. Soft soothing sounds were heard all around us, the insect world was giving forth its melody; the sea-breeze was gently stirring the palm and tamarind leaves, and they with others of their kind rustled forth their song. The bass of the great deep came floating along on the wind, mellowed by distance, and made to sing a song all its own, a song, not unlike the voice of many waters. All around was so peaceful and glad; but in a room which looked out on the lovely, quiet scene, was a group to which all this beauty and melody was unseen and unheard; a house which owned this room gave forth sounds of sadness. Charlie H—— was dying.

Late in the afternoon the physician had told us that ere long the bright light would go out, but before that, reason was to return, another lamp was to be lighted, ere that of life was put out. Around that dying bedside was grouped the J—— family, the doctor, the captain, the shaggy, good-hearted old mate, and myself. I said the J—— family; there was one that was absent, too ill to come. Suddenly H—— opened his eyes and

looked steadily at each member of the group for a moment, passing his glance from one to the other. Not a word was spoken while this scrutiny was going on, but an anxious silence was kept to catch the first tones of his whisper. His eye finally rested on me, and then closed. In a few moments, as though he had collected his thoughts, he opened them, and looking at me, said:

“Dear V——, I know you; come nearer; I would talk with you. I am going to leave you at last, am I not?”

A tear falling on his face as I kissed him, was his only answer, I could not talk.

“I see,” said he, “plainly how it is, and feel it to be so. I am to leave this bright world, and go to a brighter. I now realize where I am, and where I have been the past few weeks. I know you all but one (the doctor); there is one wanting who can not be far off.” And then his mind wandered away off across the waters, and he spoke of his home and the dear ones there. There was not a dry eye around that bedside; the old mate sobbed like a child, and wiped his cheeks with his horny hands.

“V——,” said Charlie, “bear my last greeting to the loved ones whom we have left a short time since. Those dear friends, how they loved me. Tell them not to grieve for me, for we shall soon meet beyond this river, which I am soon to cross. Dear Mary, *you* must be all in all to her; to my loved parents be a son, as you have been to me more than a brother. Thanks to you all for your loving kindness,” and he smiled sweetly. “Can not Paulina see me here,” said he. The physician, who was the only one capable of utterance, told him she was very ill. He looked surprised, and said: “It is well, even as I dreamed.” His mind was wandering.

“The river is not so broad nor the rapids so wild as I thought,” said he smilingly; “and the country beyond is fairer than this fair land; there is a

strange light there, it is more glorious than that of the sun, and fair beings are beckoning me to come to their bright home. Surely, I never before saw such glory. Is this what he meant when he said 'eye hath never seen ;' there is a cloud passing before mine eyes, and yet I see such sights as never before was revealed to me. There is a strange melody, is it *her* harp and voice ? No, no, this is a louder, deeper, and sweeter melody, sweet as that is. Surely, that music is such melody as I never heard before ; listen Mother, Sister, Pauline, hear the glo—"

His hand was raised, but it fell ; he was looking up, and his gaze became fixed ; his countenance was calm and smiling. Just then there was a ray of bright sunlight fell on the wall, and slowly mounted toward the ceiling, changing its form as it arose ; at last it was gone. Charlie H——'s spirit too had gone. Old Ben, the mate, said : "He has gone aloft, God bless him." Others spoke not, and wept loudly.

I must pass on. In a quiet corner near the J—— mansion, on the lovely island of Mauritius, there are two graves side by side. There never was a lovelier spot than that corner. The sun does not shine on those graves, for the foliage clusters densely over them ; there are two tamarind trees whose branches clasp each other at the top, and they, sentinel like, stand over those graves. The hurricane cannot strip those trees of their foliage, for they are down in a deep quiet dell ; it may rage over, but not around them. On the base of one Corinthian column which is broken off at the top, is the name of Charles H—— ; and on the base of the other, which is exactly alike the first, is that of Pauline J——. There are these words deeply cut in the marble just below the names, and they run clear across from marble to marble :

"In life they were not united, in death they shall not be parted."

THE THREE ADVENTS.

MATTHEW XVIII. 3.

HE came ; his mantle gleam'd with pearls ;
A fairy nestled in the curls
His brow and cheeks adorning
A flutt'ring joy was in the trees,
And gladsome notes were on the breeze ;
He smiled and said 'tis morning.

I look'd within his crystal breast ;
I saw his heart in mantle drest.
With dewy hope-gems gleaming.
His rosy thoughts were blooming there,
As pure as water-lilies are—
His life, a happy seeming.

He came ; his careless robes in dust ;
His locks were coarse, and gross his bust ;
He labor'd on—on always.
A fervid flush was on his face,
A tired haste was in his pace,
He passing said, 'tis noon-day.

I saw within that heated breast,
A throbbing heart in wild unrest ;
No dewy gems there gleaming.
He'd lost them all—all strown and gone ;
His restless eye look'd ever on ;
His life a labor'd dreaming.

He came ; in tatter'd mantle wound ;
Low bent his form ; he gazed around
With pitying look on all.
He spoke in moans ; he breathed in sighs ;
He dropp'd a tear—to heaven, his eyes,
And trembling said, 'tis nightfall.

I saw beneath that robe of clay,
The life-drops ripple on their way,
With slow and measured beating.
A taper burn'd ; the hall was light,
No dewy gems are half so bright
The early sunlight meeting.

He spoke ; the feeble voice I heard ;
A thrill of pity wing'd each word,
Within the bosom trembling.
"The gems of morn are hopes of youth ;
The gleesome songs are notes of truth ;
Lovely, without dissembling.

"But as we climb'd the height of day,
We strew them all along the way—
For brighter jewels groping.
Go gather up the joys of morn ;
Their star-like rays will help thee on,
And guide to Heaven thy hoping."

The pebbles in our path weary us,
and make us foot-sore, more than the
rocks which only require a bold effort
to surmount.

CHASING DOWN BARGAINS.

A LESSON FOR DAUGHTERS AND MOTHERS.

BARGAINS—bargains! How the placards stare at us from the shop windows, telling of great sales at enormous sacrifices—of goods going at 20 per cent. below cost, &c., &c.! We have often wondered at the way in which the establishments selling so cheap manage to live—to support expensive households, expensively educate their children, and finally retire from business “on a competence”—as most all dealers in goods do who succeed, by offering “great bargains,” in getting a good run of trade. But the secret is a secret no longer. Our inquiries have discovered the way and means of this cheap traffic. We beg our readers to read the following narrative, and learn the secret for themselves, and learn, at the same time, how to act toward these “sensation” dealers:

Mr. Warren and his niece Marion had been waiting in the drawing-room for the arrival of his sister-in-law and her three daughters, for more than an hour, and the old gentleman was getting impatient for his tea; he had been inveigled up to town at least three weeks before his presence would be necessary at the wedding of one of these young ladies; and though, during all that time, he had been subjected to their endless colloquies about “shopping,” and their triumphant paeans over their “bargains,” the *trousseau* was by no means complete yet.

In that late autumn evening, the female four were still cheapening silks and muslins in the accustomed manner.

It was not the present inconvenience, however, which, to do him justice, was troubling Mr. Warren, so much as his reflections upon the system the ladies were thus thoughtlessly pursuing. He could not forbear giving Marion his opinion upon the matter, although, in consideration of the happy event which was in such close

prospect, he had hitherto spared his nieces.

“I can recollect the time,” said he, “when people paid for the quality of what they bought; but now when the world goes so fast, the passion is for cheapness, and we hear children boasting of their bargains, forgetting the many who, in consequence, are half clad and hungry; and when the poor man’s health goes, what has he to look to? When the rich are ill, they have rest and ease and cordials to revive them, and the balmy breath of foreign climes; but when the poor artisan dies, it is often because the world in his employer’s hand has gone round so fast that he has had no time to feel the invigorating breath of his own hill-side breezes. In sickness, the rich man diverts his mind by the elegancies and refinements of life, and solaces himself with the consolations of religion; the poor man knows not what they mean. Many who once knew they had a soul, have had its light long since extinguished by the all absorbing object of finding food to keep the life warm within them.”

“These are appalling statements, dear uncle,” said Marion. “The evils must lie with the legislature and with men in power—we have little influence in these matters, and what we can do is but as a drop in the ocean.”

“It may be so, Marion; but the influence of every American female is more commanding than that of any other female throughout the world. Think of the departments more particularly patronized by female influence; think of the number of young females who annually lose, many their sight, and many their lives, while working long and weary hours in the millinery and dressmaking establishments in our country.”

“Yet, what can be done?” inquired Marion. “What can be done? What can I do? I have no influence. I can do nothing to help.”

At this moment a loud ring at the door-bell announced the return of the wanderers; and after the lapse of a

few moments, spent, probably, in disrobing themselves of their outer wrappings, the drawing-room door opened, and Mrs. Warren entered, accompanied by her three daughters. Many apologies were made for the apparent neglect of the guests; and the excuse pleaded was the multitude of little matters that still remained undone, in prospect of the 25th, which was to be the wedding-day, and to be present on which, Mr. Warren, Aunt Mary, and Marion, had come to town. Julia, the young bride, looked pleased and happy; Lucy, her young sister, was, as was her custom, in high spirits; while the third and eldest Miss Warren, was too much occupied with the care and due adjustment of a multitude of paper parcels of all sizes, which she carried into the room with her, to notice any one.

At length they were all gathered round the tea-table, and the business of tea was commenced.

"And now for the news," said Lucy; "we have done a great deal this evening; and, mamma, I think it is only fair that Aunt Mary and Marion, left at home to amuse themselves, should participate in our exploits."

"I really think we have a right to know them," said Aunt Mary, good-humoredly; "your sudden disappearance at this unusual hour calls for some explanation."

"The explanation, then, is this," replied Lucy, in a low tone, "that we were all bent upon going, where we were not so fond of being seen at an earlier part of the day, to one of those extraordinary shops where one gets things for almost nothing, and where, I suppose, in a few years, a premium will be offered to any lady who will be so very kind and obliging as to accept of their articles—"

"We certainly have made some extraordinary purchases," said Julia, interrupting her sister; "such bargains I never saw!" and she proceeded to enumerate various little fancy articles which, as they were named, were duly unrolled from their several papers by

the silent Elizabeth, and handed for inspection to the company.

"And the dresses," continued Julia, "they certainly were bargains. Flushington told us we could not get them anywhere else for double the money, because he deals with a manufactory where they give the people the very least sum in the world, and employ a great number. They are imitations, to be sure, but are they not very lovely?"

"Stop, stop," cried Elizabeth, who had been measuring the cloth. "I am a yard short, and here is a great hole!"

"Oh, never mind that," said Lucy, as though she enjoyed the discovery; "it was cheap, and that is enough."

"Well, we shall not mind it, then," continued Julia; "there is enough without the missing yard; indeed we have bought many things we did not need, just because they were so temptingly cheap; but the greatest bargain is yet to come."

"The mittens," said Lucy; "yes, certainly the mittens were wonders. I bought gloves, silk, needles, and meshes some weeks ago, to make a pair for myself, and here we have got mittens beautifully made for less actually than I paid for the materials."

Here Elizabeth placed upon the table a bundle of beautifully finished black-lace mittens.

"They are all hand-wrought," said Aunt Mary, taking up one of them, "and are exquisitely done; much time must have been spent upon them."

"Yes," said Lucy, "I know that from experience; mine go on at a snail's pace. I would not make a pair for any one under three times the sum we paid for these. We were just leaving the shop when we observed them, and I priced one pair, which was not much more than I had paid for my materials; but we had already bought so many things, that we thought we might get them still cheaper, so we offered Flushington a small sum for each, provided we took

the whole parcel of them—there are so many of us, we shall soon wear them out—and after some deliberation he gave us them, and certainly they are bargains."

"Wonderful bargains!" repeated the other two sisters.

"But we have not done yet, Julia; the dress for Mrs. Phillips—you must not forget that."

"Oh, I do not forget it," said Julia. "We bought a dress which I am to wear on Monday evening, Marion."

"On Monday evening!" repeated Marion, "and this is Saturday night; surely it cannot be done so quickly, and with all the bugle trimmings you want."

"Oh, yes, we have managed that, too. We went to Mrs. Primrose, and told her it must be done—in short, that it was indispensable; at first, she said it was impossible, but after hinting about further orders, she said it should be done."

"Bugle trimmings and all," added Elizabeth; "for I heard her whisper to her forewoman to tell a young person—who, I know, is her best worker in bugles—that she could not get away this evening, so I am sure it will be done, and well done, too."

"And now, uncle," said Lucy, "now that our narration is over, have we not been most actively and most creditably employed?"

There was no answer from Mr. Warren for a few seconds, during which time the quick-sighted Marion discovered that his cogitations were not of a pleasant nature.

"Lucy," he at length said, "do you wish a candid answer to your question? for if so, I am sorry I can not give it without causing you all pain. In the midst of so much hilarity; and so many pleasing anticipations, I feel grieved to say any thing that may damp your mirth; but when I remember that Julia is about to take her place as an American matron, I can not refrain from speaking openly upon the subject."

"Julia, my dear," continued the

old man affectionately, taking her hand, "you are about to become the wife of a very noble young man. I am glad he is not among us to-night; his mind is too quick-sighted, and his heart too generous, not to have been wounded by the recital of your evening's transactions. I believe you have gone through them in thoughtlessness; but you are about to leave your girlish days behind, and enter a condition, which, whatever be the station in life, is one full of responsibility and of influence. Times are greatly changed. Long ago, our grandmothers were content with a few handsome dresses, for which they paid a reasonable sum; the ladies of olden time wore one kind of dress, and those in a lower position another; now every shop swarms with imitations, so that all ranks may at a trifling sum be decked out with flimsy, perishable articles; this, however, affects the taste of the times, and what I wish to speak of to you is rather the *morale* of the matter. Just before you came in Marion and I were talking of the sad state of thousands of our fellow-creatures, who work long and weary hours in an atmosphere fatal to health; while thousands of their more enlightened and highly educated brothers and sisters, knowing all this, in the frantic struggle for cheapness, do all in their power to sink them still lower in the oppression of a life, which, while it often kills the body, oftener enslaves the soul. In every department, go where we will, we find few exceptions to the general rule, excessive work or very low wages. I do not mean to impugn Flushington's respectability, for I know nothing of him; but I know many young men begin by advertising that they will undersell their neighbors, and many of such have two prices. The bargain-hunter enters the shop, and the tradesman feels that he must sell his goods under their value, or lose this customer; consequently he is tempted to compromise the matter by overreaching some other person, or by reducing still further the

miserable remuneration of some poor laborer connected with his business. Few among us ever think, while admiring the many beautiful textures of the day, how it fares with the multitudes who spun the slender thread, laid it on the loom, and colored it with its many-tinted pattern; we hear only exultations of delight at its being purchased for a small sum. We can not lift the vail, but methinks it would sometimes be a saddening sight, could we follow to their homes the wretched makers of lucifer boxes and envelopes, the female skirt-makers and others employed by those cheap houses, while the rich, the enlightened, the Christian purchaser, sits calmly by his fire, and under the shade of his own home tree, makes his boast of bargaining!

"These sins are crying sins, and these are national sins; females little think of the influence they possess in all shopping transactions when they stoop to bargaining, and thus become encouragers of fraud and cruelty. I consider it the duty of every lady to endeavor to acquire correct ideas of the value of the several articles which come more especially under her own inspection. Make it a rule never to purchase any thing knowingly under its real value. If a tradesman offer you a piece of goods which you are quite convinced is under its worth, reject it, and in future shun the shop; if it is offered you by a poor vender, in evident distress, take it, but give the full value.

"No example could more fully suit me at present than that painful affair of the black-lace mittens. Lucy owns from experience she knew the value of the materials and the labor of the work. They were offered cheaply to repay the waste of some poor fellow-creature's eyes; and yet you were not satisfied, but forced the tradesman either to run the risk of offending you, or of bleeding the heart of some poor creature to an extent of which we little dream, and which we can never know. When any of you

come to visit me at Rockwood, may I beg that I may never see these mittens worn; I should always fancy that I saw the words 'hand-wrought' engraved upon them, and that same poor miserable woman, in consequence, sat weeping in a cold garret; but I have done with this. I wish to say a few words about the transaction at Mrs. Primrose's.

"We all know the great mortality that takes place annually in the dress-making and millinery departments; and it is likewise to be feared that there is considerable encroachment practised on the sacred hours of the Sabbath. Many ladies, I feel galled to say, in order effectually, so far as they are concerned, to prevent the possibility of giving any pretext for the system, invariably give their orders early in the week, so that they may be finished with ease before its expiration. If any emergency arises suddenly, requiring a new dress, the considerate lady will never for a moment hesitate between the evanescent gratification of appearing in a new dress, and the harrowing conviction, that to feed her vanity, a fellow-sister has been oppressed and defrauded of her rest, which the Eye which looks upon all impartially wishes to see man universally enjoying. Did the anticipated delight of wearing a new dress so darken your conscience, that you were unable to appreciate the amount of sorrow which may at this moment oppress the heart of the young female who is now employed with your bugle-embroidery, and is thereby prevented from going home this evening? My dear girl these things ought not to be. I see I am deeply grieving you all, but these are subjects of deep import. Think well of them, and may they forever be a lesson to you all."

Here a servant entered the room, whispered a few words to Aunt Mary, which broke off the conversation.

"Helen Campbell," said Aunt Mary in surprise, "is she below? Yes, I will see her. This is the young per-

son," said she, addressing her nieces, "about whom I wished to interest you; I should like your brother, also, to see her. Her story is simply this—She is the support of an aged mother, who has once seen better days, and is now in extreme poverty and want, and is dying of consumption. Show her in," said she to the servant, who immediately left the room.

"Perhaps," said Mr. Warren, "the sight of so many may appall her." But there was no time to recall the order, for the door immediately opened, and Helen Campbell, a slight, delicate gentle-looking girl, walked in with modest ease; yet with that fixed and anxious expression with which one might enter a crowded room, and yet see no one in particular, the mind and thoughts being concentrated elsewhere. Like the dying gladiator, "her thoughts were with her heart, and that was far away."

"My poor Helen," said Aunt Mary, kindly, taking her hand and placing her on a chair. "I fear you have bad news; is your mother worse to-night?"

"Oh, yes" said the poor girl, as the tears began to chase each other down her thin cheeks. "She is greatly worse, and they tell me she is going—that she can not live now."

"How is this?" inquired Aunt Mary, anxiously. "When I saw her in the beginning of the week, she seemed better. Is her cough worse? Is there any new symptom? or what is it?"

"No new symptom," said Helen, sadly; "but dreadful weakness."

"Is her appetite gone, then?" inquired Aunt Mary.

"No, no!" replied Helen, as the blood mounted to her forehead, and she bit her lip as if trying to maintain a measure of composure; "it is not gone, but she has—nothing to eat."

"I am distressed to hear all this, Helen," interrupted Aunt Mary. "I have not gone to see you for some days past, thinking you were not in need. When I saw you last you expected plenty of money, to buy wine and food to bring up her strength."

"So I did," replied the girl. "When I saw you I was full of good hopes, but they are all gone now. I had worked nearly night and day for three weeks, and expected great remuneration for my work. Day after day I have called for payment, and have always been put off; and when at last I entreated for some money to-night, Flushington told me he had been obliged to sell the things for almost nothing, and could not give me any thing at all till Monday. My mittens—my beautiful mittens! how I doted on them!"

"Flushington!" said Aunt Mary, much amazed, and taking up one of the bargain-gloves which still lay upon the table. "Are these your work, Helen?"

"Oh, yes," said poor Helen, clasping the mitten in both hands, and bursting into tears; "on which I built so many hopes—food and wine, and life, and strength, and happy days were thought of with every new row, and all is gone."

Julia covered her face with both hands, and her sister became very thoughtful. Aunt Mary rose and poked the fire, and even Uncle Warren took out his pocket-handkerchief, and made so great a noise that poor Helen's sobs could not be heard.

"But there was another source from which I thought you were to get money, Helen—your sister?"

"Yes, yes," replied Helen, "so I thought; she was to have been home to-night with her earnings, and we had planned to buy so many things; but she did not come, and, on going for her to Mrs. Primrose's, I was told at the door that I could not see her—that she could not be at home to-night—that she was busy again with more bugle-trimmings—nor could her money be paid till the dress on which she now works is finished, which must be by Monday evening."

Aunt Mary again poked the fire, and Julia, uttering a faint cry, sunk her still covered face upon the table.

"Oh, ma'am, forgive me," said Helen, suddenly starting to her feet;

"forgive me that once more I ask you for help; but my poor mother is dying, and she is starving!"

In a moment Mr. Warren's hand was on the bell.

"Get a coach, instantly," said he to the servant who appeared; "and Mrs. Warren, get wine, and bread ready immediately. I myself will go with this poor girl. Julia, get your cloak and bonnet; I wish you to go with me."

In a few moments the carriage arrived, and a bottle of wine and various kinds of food were quickly placed in a basket, and they then prepared to go.

"Sir," said Helen earnestly, "may I ask you to take out the cork from the wine-bottle, that there may be no delay when we arrive—there is no screw near us, and she has longed for some wine!"

This being done, Mr. Warren, Julia, and Helen Campbell were soon on their way.

"I fear we may alarm your mother at this hour," said Mr. Warren.

"Oh no, sir," replied Helen; "the door we enter by is at her back. You can be in the room without her seeing you at first. She is watched over by some kind Scotchwomen, who live beside us. Oh, how I wish we were there!"

The way was long, however; but in due time they did arrive, and following Helen along a dark passage, and down a narrow stair, they found themselves in a small, miserable-looking room. Mr. Warren seated Julia along with himself on two wooden stools, while Helen, rushing in with the basket, took from the table a little broken cup, which she filled with wine, and hastened to refresh the poor sufferer whose face was concealed from Mr. Warren's view. It was with delight that Mr. Warren witnessed what had so often before melted his heart—the kindness of the poor to the poor. Several wretched-looking women, hard worked and worn out, yet kept alive by the wo-

man's heart within them, stood around the sick bed; and as Helen approached with the little broken cup and the wine, one of them with the utmost tenderness, laying her hand on her arm, said kindly:

"Na, na, Miss, she's past that noo; she'll drink nae mair o' the fruit of the vine in this warld."

"Wine!" cried another woman—"it's wine?—and she cried sae sair for't yesterday."

"Dear mother," said Helen, fondly bending over her, "you must take it—it will soon revive you; and see!" said she, holding up the basket, "here is bread and sago, and many things to make you well."

"Wae's me," said one of the women; "and her that's had naething but cauld water and crusts the day."

"Dear mother," continued Helen, "will you not drink? It will revive you, it will cheer you, it will make you live."

There was no answer. The poor widow's sorrows were over. * *

Taking one of the women aside. Mr. Warren put a guinea into her hand, desiring her to use it as she thought best for poor Helen's comfort, whom she should see again on the morrow. He then took Julia out of the room, kindly leading her through the dark passage up the narrow stair, after which she hurried to the carriage, into a corner of which she threw herself in an agony of tears.

Some time passed, during which he did not disturb her. At length, taking her hand, "My dear Julia," he said, "it is enough. This evening has been one of the most painful of your hitherto uncheckered life. We shall say no more of the early transactions of the evening, but will now only consider how we may best assist poor Helen Campbell and her sister. But suffer one parting word of advice from an old man who loves you dearly. Do not too easily dismiss from your mind the events of this night. Think of them often, and place them before you; and by their example act in your

future life, and you will be rewarded by finding that you are hereby more fitted to be the companion of the generous and excellent young man who in a few days is to call you his wife."

Julia's only reply was another flood of tears, and a silent pressure of her uncle's hand, as the carriage stopped, and she ran hurriedly to her room. Instantly unlocking her desk, she wrote a note to Mrs. Primrose, saying that she should not require her dress on Monday, and begging as a particular favor that Miss Campbell might be allowed immediately to return to her mother's house.

The short interval between that memorable evening and the long-expected 25th found full occupation in comforting and consoling the sorrowing sisters, who now only remember it as the night on which they were made motherless. The 25th is now past, and the young bride has become a matron. As it is only some weeks since then, we can not speak with great certainty of the result; but from the propriety, sympathy, and general consideration of her conduct, it seems evident to all that Julia finds herself a better and a more feeling-hearted woman since the trying events of that night of bargain-hunting.

THE BIRDS.

BY CORA M. DOWNS.

"IT is said that the birds sing sweetest in the morning, from their peaceful waking."

A little girl, hearing a robin pour forth his wild melody one morning, exclaimed: "Say, mamma, what makes he sing so sweet? Do he eat flowers?"

Go out in the morning early,
And hear the young birds sing—
Warbling, trilling in their triumph,
Sweet birds in the spring.

Go out in the morning early,
When the summer's blush
Leaves a spell upon the blossoms,
Go and hear the thrush.

All the crimson-breasted singers,
Golden-throated kings—

Spells of haunting music hidden
Underneath their wings!

Go out in the morning early,
In the later time—
When the Autumn winds are moaning;
'Tis a sadder chime

That the young wild birds are lending
To the sighing air,
Singing sweetly every dawning
Till we miss them there!

All the day they're winging, winging,
Tireless on their way,
Fainter grows their silver chiming
With the waning day.

Sing they sweetest in the morning,
When they wake from sleep;
Bird-eyes close to happy slumber,
Waking ne'er to weep.

Bird-wings rest on emerald couches,
'Mid the leafy trees;
We, so weary of the noon-tide
Well may envy these!

What may be their dainty diet,
The lily's fragrant snows?
The honey-suckle's sweetest kisses?
The bright lips of the rose?

And the wine of fruits so glowing,
With their red cheeks to the sun;
No vintage is so broad as theirs,
And free to every one.

Ye have taught me many a lesson
More strong than the preacher's lore;
I will come out to your temples
And learn of you the more!

Ye are prophets for all ages—
Ye are priests of silver tongue,
And the temples that ye teach in
Are with new glories hung,

When the dews of morning glitter,
And the sunlight's glad surprise
Comes with a *peaceful* waking
To sinless eyes!

Wyandotte, K. T.

EVENING CLOUDS.

A GLORIOUS night! The sun is in the sea;
But o'er its liquid cell yon cloud-arch gleams
With lambent fire—fit bridge for forms of air!
On either side, like green paths drop'd with
gold,

Or cowslip-cover'd fields in dewy light,
The glittering vapors lie. But ah! how vain
To breathe this feeble language o'er a scene
So like a gorgeous vision! Every tint
And shadowy form that charms the poet's eye
Now mocks his failing art.

D. L. R.

OTHER PLEASURES THAN THOSE OF WEALTH.

THE happiness of this world is not so unequally distributed as many imagine ;—the rich have not all the privileges nor the poor all the privations. Thank God, the purest pleasures of life are those which money can not buy. The artisan, going from his wearisome labor to his humble home, as he meets the love-lit smile of his wife and takes his fair and healthy child upon his knee, knows a thrill of sweeter joy than the most lavish expenditure of gold upon costly stimulants can bring the jaded mind of the epicurean in pleasure. The wild-wood flowers and the dew-drops are not bought; the glory of sunset and the magnificence of the full moon are free to all. The blushing cheek and beaming eyes of affection can not be purchased ; virtue and beauty receive not their glorious riches from the hand of Mammon ; the intellectually wealthy may well hold in contempt the baser coin of the world.

It is true that the bridegroom working-man, as he bears his bride to their lowly home, longs, with the impulse of affection, to attire her graceful form in the same adornments which her prouder sisters use to heighten their charms ; but it is a foolish though generous impulse. If he loves his bride, and she him, they need not covet the situation of those where rivalry, display, and the “pride of place” have most likely driven out simple, heart-felt happiness. The radiant smile of affection, and the clear glance of unsullied virtue, are ornaments above price, and will make the face of a woman beautiful even in its old age.

So the working-man father, looking around upon his blooming children, is conscious that their intellect is as keen, their perceptions as ready as those of the nabob's upon the next street ; and he determines they shall have similar advantages. This is a noble ambition. But, in these days, it is no reason why a man should spend his years in grum-

bling discontent because he is not rich. Our system of common-schools places education within reach of the humbles. With mind and education, every son and daughter has a fair chance to achieve *respectability* in this country ; and it is a false ambition which would seek the power or honor conferred only by money. Yet, that son or daughter may have yearnings after the development of peculiar talents or genius ; the son may thirst to drink deep of the Pierian spring of classical learning, may have a *gift* for a profession (without which especial calling he has no business to attempt competition in the overburdened ranks of the profession) ; and the daughter may have visions of beauty, or hear dreams of melody, which call for her fingers to accomplish themselves in painting or music. With health, a moderate industry will bring about all this, and still the soul not fall a victim to the prevailing fever—the terrible gold-fever which scorches the sensibilities and dries up the springs of humanity in so many hearts.

There is still another class who feel yet more keenly the want of wealth ; not for the petty pleasures of sense or the local influence it would give them, but because they worship the Beautiful, and money would give them the means of gratifying their exquisite tastes. With souls aspiring after grace, fitness, and beauty in all things, they have to struggle with the details of life and poverty. These are the people of genius—poets, artists, men of divine, unworldly gifts. They would convert the glorious Ideal into the Real, if they had the necessary means. They are fretted by the coarseness and ugliness from which they can not escape. Yet, they are self-deceived if they do not consider themselves among the most fortunate—so far, even, as happiness, commonly considered, goes. We doubt not that the painter in his unfurnished garret, with his coffee-pot and loaf of bread and his hard bed in the same room with him, is filled with a richer pleasure as he sits and dreams

and broods over the creation of his genius upon the canvas before him, than it is possible for the wealthy egotist who buys of him, to conceive. We doubt not that his Art—his beloved, worshiped Art—is more to him, than pyramids of diamonds. Ask him if he would exchange himself, his hopes, his dreams, his ideals, his fine perceptions of beauty, his deep emotions, for the withered soul of yonder Croesus, who has spent his life in accumulating bonds and mortgages, rents, and interest upon interest.

And the Poet—will he say that he has ever entered the portals of any Fifth Avenue palace that could begin to equal the unearthly palaces through which his imagination daily walks? Will he give up the materials from which he constructs these—gold of the sunset, marble of the clouds, silver of the starlight, gems of the dew, and waterfall draperies of intangible mists and unexpressibly lovely shadows, spray, and foliage, with all the delight which they give and the beauty which they suggest, for the brown stone mansion of the millionaire? Will he not say that his day and his night dreams, his fancies, his earnest aspirations after the pure and true, his deep sympathy with the heart of humanity, his mighty store of love, his keen delight in all that is fair, his broad and boundless realm of feeling and imagination where angels walk, and visitants more beautiful than houris linger to smile upon him—will he not say that *these* are beyond price?—a wealth which he has inherited from the Father in Heaven?

The scholar and the scientific man—will they measure their pleasures along with those of the sensualist and the epicure? Yet, for what nobler purpose are the most of the fortunes acquired than for indulgence in good eating, good drinking, rich clothing, a showy house, and for the means of rivalry, arrogance, and ostentation? A good fortune well spent upon objects of real merit, upon works of Art, the cultivation of the mind and soul,

upon the poor, the sick, and upon struggling men of talent, upon the advancement of science and general intelligence, *is* a desirable thing. But how few acquire money for such purposes!

Take heart, you who belong *not* to the throng of the vulgar great! Re-consider your fortunes and see if you have not cause for true thankfulness. Press not on so madly after the glittering pageant. Do you not see how you trample out the flowers by the wayside? Why will you be so unmindful of their fragrance upon the air, and of the blue heaven over your heads?

FOUR-LEAVED CLOVER.

BY MRS. H. L. BOSTWICK.

Now, away with your four-leaved clover,
Giddy girls, and annoy me no more
It shall not be dried in my Bible,
Nor fasten'd above my door.
I know not what niggardly fairy,
Or evil star frown'd at my birth,
That never such omen of Fortune
Was nourish'd for me in the earth.
In my youth, at the manor of Greenshaw,
With milkmaids, a mischievous band,
I've wander'd the wide acres over,
But nothing ere came to my hand.

One eve when the milking was ended,
I search'd in the meadows alone;
But never a stalk of green clover
The magical number would own.
Young Reuben, the barefooted farm-boy
At the bottom was climbing the stile!
Down leaping, he grasped at the greensward,
And I follow'd his eye with a smile.
"Good luck!" and a four-leaved clover
Up in each hand bore he;
Then laughing, he straighten'd my fingers,
But mine was only a three!

Now Reuben is master of Greenshaw,
Its mistress is shrewish and old;
And 'tis said that a gnawing green canker
Has struck to his heart from her gold.
Just yonder you see the white fringes
Of chestnuts that grow by his door;
My daughters serve not in his kitchen,
Though my sons tend his sheep on the moor.
I sit by my little brown hearth-stone,
With the wool on my knee that they shear,
And I think of those four-leaved clovers
And the three that was growing so near.

RAVENNA, O.

THE WRONG RIGHTED; OR, THE OLD HEART AND THE NEW.

BY METTA VICTORIA VICTOR.

CHAPTER XIII.

“And teach me now to feel
My sinful wanderings with a deeper smart,
And more of mercy and of grace impart,
My sinfulness to feel.”

“Father, my soul would be
Pure as the drops of eve's unsullied dew;
And as the stars, whose mighty course is true,
So would I be to Thee.”

MARTHA had been in the country nearly or quite a month, and had not heard one word from her parents. She had received a letter once a week from Mr. Irving, all of which had given her a great deal of pleasure; they were thoughtful and consolatory, guarding her against undue anxiety. In that month she had become deeply attached to her aunt, whose unaffected kindness and Christian excellence of character, excited in her kindred regard, and a desire to emulate such real nobility. Her fashionable friends would have wittily ridiculed such an inclination, no doubt, had they been aware that Miss Martha Livingstone entertained it. Their eyes would probably have seen nothing at all, had they encountered the good aunt in her dark merino dress, lying hoopless about her tall form, but would have stared straight through her in calm, unconscious, self-contemplation.

The beautiful girl was turning a new leaf in the book of life. She was learning that very many humble people all around her, were her superiors in qualities which were really admirable, in charity, humility, self-sacrifice, and good works. She was learning, too, that the fashionable promenade was not the only and exclusive part of the earth, which was worthy of being considered; and that time could be put to other uses, than dressing, dining, and going out. She was certainly growing in love with the country, and did not know but she should turn out, like one of Willis's heroines, “born to love pigs and

chickens.” She would go out to see the cows milked and the sheep fed,—and oh, what a charming time she had in the maple-orchard, watching them make maple-sugar, after the March winds had thawed the frozen earth about the roots of the trees, and set the sap to coursing through the veins of the stately, leafless branches. How delicious to walk along the woodland ways, rustling ankle-deep through the dried foliage which the last autumn had cast down, and occasionally to come upon a little green patch of velvet moss, a tuft of grass, and very rarely, a fragile anemone, or a stray creeper of trailing arbutus. What with wandering about in the open air, and being tempted into a good appetite by the fresh-laid eggs and unadulterated cream, she regained all the flesh she had lost, and got back rather more than her former delicate color.

One Monday, when Rachel, the maid, was deep in the suds, and Martha had tied on a check-apron to keep the spattering cream from her dress while she churned for Aunt Randolph, who was busy with a delectable dinner of extraordinarily early spring-chickens, which were now fricasseeing, preparatory to being smothered in cream,—while Martha was asking if she might trim the cold custard with a pyramid of froth of eggs, holding the churn-dasher suspended until she received assent—the back kitchen door opened, and Ralph Irving walked in without ceremony.

He had arrived in the morning train, and the day being fine and the air bracing, had trudged the two miles from the village. He paused and smiled, when he saw Martha's occupation—nevertheless, she thought his look was troubled, and she sprang forward, asking—“Any letters for me?”—almost before she touched his hand.

“Yes, here is a letter from your

father. I had one from him, also. I know you must be very anxious to read it, so take it, and run off with yourself—I can wait for my welcome."

"Oh, cousin Ralph, you know how glad I am to see you—but of course—"

"Well, run along and hide yourself until you have read your letter; that is the way young ladies do. In the mean time I will finish the butter, and have a little visit with Mrs. Randolph."

"Oh, never mind the butter; I guess 'tis ready to gather," said the aunt.

"Then I'll gather it," replied the young gentleman, twisting the dasher round in scientific style. "I was brought up on a farm, and know all about butter-making."

Martha stole into the sitting-room, and breaking the seal of the envelope, found a letter from each of her parents. Her mother gave her a brief history of her eventful pursuit of the runaway, whom she traced all the way, but could not overtake,—not venturing to telegraph to conductors or captains,—until she reached New Orleans. She had hoped to get on the same boat with her husband at St. Louis, but was one day too late. She reached the hotel at which he stopped, without accident, and now, only saying how she longed to see her dear child, and what sleepless anxiety she had on her account, she would leave all other matters to be discussed by her father.

Mr. Livingstone began by regretting his precipitate flight, since his darling, his heroic daughter had done that which he himself shrunk from. He thanked her for her affection and courage, he regretted—but no, he would not try to express himself upon things too painful, and still too deeply burned, as with fire, upon his heart; he was far from being a happy man. Moreover, he felt that he never could be a happy man, and return to the scenes of his mortification and misery.

He confessed himself a coward—that he shrunk from meeting former friends,—he supposed that his partners in business would have no further connection with him, though they might never betray his delinquencies—it would take all he possessed to right matters with them,—and he should have to face poverty before those who had fawned upon his prosperity—he would have no business, and no capital. Under these circumstances he had concluded it was best to follow out his plan of emigration to Madeira. In this, her mother, too proud to brook the change in their fortunes, fully concurred. He had written to Ralph, giving him as explicit a statement of his affairs, as possible, asking him to dispose of the house and furniture, and his three lots in the upper portion of the city, and pay all he could thus raise to the bank. He hoped the deficit would thus be nearly made up,—what was still unaccounted for he would repay as fast as he could coin it in the new field of labor to which he was going. He had also asked Ralph to attend to all necessary preparations for starting her and Floribel comfortably upon the way. They (her parents), now only awaited her arrival, which they hoped would be as speedy as possible. His dear daughter must not feel homesick, nor grieve too much—Madeira was a beautiful and Eden-like island, where she could be very happy; where all past troubles would seem but as the dream of a night.

The request that she should not grieve over her banishment from her native land did not prevent Martha's tears from dropping warm and fast, blurring the pages of the unwelcome letter. Wiping them away resolutely, she put regret as far in the background as possible.

Aunt Randolph had been told some of the particulars of late events. She knew that her sister and brother were in New Orleans—in fact, she knew the whole story, although Martha was not aware of it; Mr. Irving thinking

it best and quite proper that she should know.

"What news, child?" she inquired, as she came in to lay the cloth for dinner.

"Oh, auntie, I must go far away, from you and every one that I love. As much as I wish to see papa and mamma, I can not help feeling sad. Is it not cruel? Madeira may be Paradise, itself—but it is not *home*!"

"So! you are going to Madeira, are you? What will Ralph say to such an arrangement, my dear?"

"Ralph!"

Sure enough, what would Ralph say; and what would *she* say at parting from him—her own brother, almost, she loved him so much? As she asked herself the question, he entered the room, and she lifted her tearful eyes, full of the melancholy of the coming farewell, to meet as earnest a gaze from him.

"You will be gone from us in two or three days," he said, "and the places which have known you shall know you no more. Do you think you can muster courage for the long journey alone between here and New Orleans."

"I had not thought about that yet—I was only thinking how sad it was to have to leave New York. And oh, Ralph," she added, in a lower voice, as her aunt went out of the room, "I do not think it right for my father to go away with twenty thousand dollars of other people's money in his pocket. I know that he justifies the act to his own conscience; he has made expediency his master, and not integrity; but I can not quite excuse it in him. Do you think it is wicked in me to find fault with my own father?"

"Your own affectionate heart, Martha, will prompt you to charity in judging of his motives. I am one of the stern natures who believe that principle should never be sacrificed, even for love's sake. But your father doubtless believes that his property here will nearly satisfy his

creditors, and that he can soon restore what is wanting. Still, I do not approve of his conduct. The fact is, I was so confident of his ultimate integrity, that I became his bail to the extent of all that I possess. So, I shall lose by this step."

"Oh, if papa had known that, he would have returned," cried Martha, bursting afresh into tears.

"Of course he would; I do not think he would have sacrificed a friend. But do not grieve about it. I think I can dispose of what he has left to such a good advantage as not to peril me much. I have a month's time to do it in. The only trouble is, the times are so dull. I have lived plainly, you know, and out of my yearly income I have always put by money at interest. It will be but returning, in time of need, that which has been lavished upon me in time of plenty, if I use this money now, to restore your father's credit. I have been like a son in his family—I have eaten of his bread and salt for years—and, believe me, I am glad of an opportunity for returning his kindness."

"Ah, Ralph, how good you are. If you will do this, and save my father's honor from further impeachment, *I*, at least, will be for ever and ever grateful to you! And when I get to New Orleans, I will tell him what you have done, and incite him to return the loan as soon as he is able. I will not let him forget it! I will never let him buy me expensive presents, or go into any extravagance until his debt to you is paid."

"Nay, you little manager, you need not take any of that trouble! I shall not require the money back—let it go to cancel a past debt of gratitude for pleasure bestowed on your household. I have plenty for my wants. An old bachelor like me will hardly need any thing extra for a setting out—'sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'"

"You are only thirty, cousin, you can hardly call yourself an old bach-

elor. Really, now, do you know I never thought about *your* getting married!—because you are so indifferent to the ladies, I suppose. One of these days, though, I presume you will meet the other part of your existence, and then you must let me know, for I shall wish to make her a bridal present. I wonder what kind of a woman you would choose, Ralph!" and the bright, inquisitive eyes looked up into his. "She would have to be *very perfect* to please such a fastidious man. Oh, I pity her! with you to be searching for flaws in the diamond, if she were the Koh-i-noor itself, you would have some cause for discontent!"

"Spare your compassion until you hear of an object upon which to exercise it. You really think me so hard-hearted, and critical, and uncharitable, that I would be examining the beauties and graces of my own sweet wife (supposing I had one), through the magnifying glass of cynicism!"

"Well, I can not say but that she would be more fortunate to be found fault with by you, than to be praised by most other men, so you must excuse me. If you had been so foolish with me as the most of my friends, I should have been even more vain and thoughtless than I am. Capricious, self-indulgent, and self-willed as I may be, I should have been worse, if you had not considerably opened my eyes to my own egotism."

"Perhaps I, too, am a great egotist. Critical people usually are. It will be your turn, some time, to give me a scorching rebuke—such as I shall deserve for some of my hatefulness. In the mean time, do not call yourself such harsh names. If you ever merited them, your conduct recently shows that you are bravely out-growing them."

"So you think so, Ralph?" asked the fair girl. "I am glad to hear you say so, because I can trust your commendations to be sincere. Oh, you do not know how I have prayed—

how I have struggled. God has given me strength as I have required it. I never knew before, how much comfort and assistance there is in prayer. My heart prays within me, earnestly, all the time. Oh, I wish I was as good as Aunt Randolph!"

"Life, with its various experiences, is necessary to the formation of a character like hers,—she did not become what she is in a day. Wisdom comes from the schooling of years—strength from endurance. She has stored up knowledge as the bee stores up honey, and now she has it to spare for the encouragement of those who have not yet reached her days of fruition."

"Ah, me!" and Martha heaved a sigh; "once I thought it so easy to live—only a sunny pleasure-ground I deemed the earth—but now it grows harder and rougher. This new responsibility of 'living right,' of doing the best with what is ours, of enacting the part of the faithful steward—this it is which oppresses me."

"Is it not nobler to carry this load than to be a mere butterfly, hovering over the pathways of the world? The longer you bear the burden, the lighter it will grow; until it changes at last into wings which will bear you to mountain-tops of glory and rest, where you can look down upon the weary past, abroad over the earth, and upward into eternal splendor.

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle,
Be a hero in the strife!"

"Yes, cousin Martha, *you* are required to be a hero, as much as if you wore a coat of mail and bore a sword. No arm is too white, no bosom too soft, for the armor of righteousness—no hand is too taper and delicate to be excused from good works of love and charity—no eye is so brilliant that it is exempted from searching out the poor and oppressed. Oh, dear child, if you would read and reflect, you would have a larger field laid open to your mental vision, than your past life has permitted. I have

in my pocket now, a new volume of poems by Kingsley, just out. As I rode along in the cars I read that characteristic poem of his 'Saint Maura, A. D., 304.' I am not ashamed to confess that the tears flowed from my eyes. She was a girl-wife—not quite so old as you, Martha. Listen:

"Oh, they snapp'd
Those words, my madness, like the angel's voice
Thrilling the grave to birth-pangs. All was clear,
There was but one right thing in the world to do;
And I must do it. . . . Lord! have mercy, Christ!
Help through my womanhood; or I shall fail,
Yet as I fail'd before! * * * * *

A soldier gave me water on a sponge
Upon a reed, saying, 'Too fair! too young!
She might have been a gallant soldier's wife!'
And then I cried, 'I am a soldier's wife!
A hero's!' and he smiled, but let me drink.
God bless him for it. * * * * *

Then he cried fiercely, 'Take the slave away,
And crucify her by her husband's side!'
And at those words a film came on my face—
A sickening rush of joy—was that,
That my reward? I rose and tried to go.
* * * Hush! selfish girl! he hears you!
Who ever found the cross a pleasant bed?
Yes, I can bear it, love. Pain is no evil
Unless it conquers us. These little wrists, now—
You said, one blessed night, they were too slender,
Too soft and slender for a deacon's wife—
Perhaps a martyr's!—You forget the strength
Which God can give. The cord has cut them through
And yet my voice has never falter'd yet."

"Did you ever picture to yourself
the courage of those early martyrs,
Martha?"

I have never thought much about any thing but a round of senseless and soulless pleasures, Ralph. To have a handsomer ball-dress than Euphemia Doolittle—was not that a noble subject of emulation, now? But I will not be sarcastic upon my past self, until I have proof by trial, of the worth of my new resolutions. I wish I were going to be near you, dear cousin. Father and mother never talk upon such subjects as now interest me."

"Perhaps that is the direction in which your duty now lies," quoth Aunt Randolph, who came into the room with the coffee-urn, while she was speaking. "To win away your parents from their worship of the worldly idol which they have set up. Like the children of Israel, while professing devotion to the one great and only God, they have fallen down and worshiped the golden calf. Themselves are not aware of the extent of

their own heresy. They have put their trust in forms and ceremonies, satisfied that they were doing all that the Infinite required of them, because they paid their tithes, went regularly to church, did not forget the missionary box, and sat in a conspicuous seat in the synagogue. The life of humility and self-sacrifice which Christ and his Apostles led, they seek not to comprehend, much less to imitate. Dear child, it may be your holy mission to win them to a true, instead of a merely professional, piety. Will not that be a work will make every sacrifice sweet?"

"Yes, dear aunt, it will, if only I can so purify myself as to hope to obtain influence over others," and the fair face of the young girl beamed with a noble enthusiasm.

"Sit down, now, and try and do justice to the last dinner you will partake of with me, for some time."

"That is the thought which spoils it, aunt."

The three lingered long at the table; for Mr. Irving desired Martha to return that same evening,—there would be some business for her, in settling up house affairs, which would keep her busy a day or two, and she must not keep her parents in suspense. He had directed Stephen and Floribel to have the house open for her.

At five o'clock, Martha bade her aunt a clinging and tearful farewell; and her long visit was brought to a close.

CHAPTER XIV.

MARTHA devoted one day to calling upon her friends, and bidding them farewell, more out of consideration for the impression to be left by too abrupt a flight, than for any desire to renew old associations. It was an unpleasant task for her to answer the countless questions asked, so as to evade the whole truth, and yet give no false impressions; and she would have departed without letting any one

know of her purpose, if she had not feared for her father's reputation. Placing confidence in the promise of the Directors, she did not fear that the story was known, and she made important business in Madeira the plea for the hasty resolution. She was jested with about her marriage with a rich old bachelor from the West, it having been pretty generally understood that her sickness only had prevented the consummation of her engagement, and contented herself by saying that for the present, it was deferred. Her father expected to return to New York some time, and that was all she could promise.

The next day was the last of her intended stay. It was in the afternoon, and wearied with her unusual exertions, she reclined upon the sofa of her little boudoir, so soon to be deserted, birdie and all, conversing again, upon the subject of past events, with Mr Irving.

"You spoke of a dressmaker who interfered, at the last moment," he queried. "I am interested in her, and would like to inquire her out. She must have been a woman of character."

Martha sprang to her feet.

"Often as I have thought over every burning word which she uttered on that memorable evening, and wished to see her again, I never remembered until this moment that I am in debt to her for a week's work. Too bad! too bad! this hard, stern winter, too! What will she think of me—of my ingratitude. I hope she has not suffered for the money."

"Have you her address?"

"I think I have it in my little expense-book. Let me see! yes, here it is. I must call upon her."

"Yes, immediately. Go, get your bonnet and cloak, and I will be your escort; I want to see her, myself."

Martha forgot all about her fatigue, as she prepared for the street; they were soon on their way to the house of the seamstress.

When they knocked at the door of

her apartments it was opened by a sylph-like child of the extremest beauty; well dressed, too,—for the unprofitable leisure which had been forced upon her aunt, had been occupied in making over the remnants of her old clothing into apparel for little Constance. Her grandmother had embroidered the coarse muslin of her drawers, and so neat and tasteful was her appearance that she was entitled to being called well-dressed, though her frock was made from a somewhat faded muslin-delaine skirt.

"Who would have expected a fairy to usher us into the abode of a sewing-girl?" thought Ralph, as with the natural inclination he felt to pet all lovable children, he stooped, with a most winning smile, to kiss the golden-haired child.

A lady arose to receive them with a simplicity of dignity worthy of a better home than the room she presided over; though that was not without the same charm of neatness and taste displayed in the dress of the little girl. Mrs. Strong was a noble looking woman, her pale face betraying more of the composure of a thoughtful mind than traces of the ill-health which made each day burdensome to her. She had been busy with those never-ending strips of embroidery, and on the little stand at her elbow was a saucer in which floated a single great pansy, beside two or three of those "wee, modest, crimson-tipped flowers," which Burns has immortalized.

"My daughter is not in; but I expect her every moment. Will you not wait for her?" she said, in answer to their inquiry.

They accepted the proffered seats, and Martha then introduced herself as Miss Livingstone, saying that she had been out of town, and had forgotten the debt to Miss Strong, for sewing at her house, and had now come to make her excuses for the delay. Mrs. Strong looked with interest into the sweet face of the beautiful girl—she had heard from Eleanor some of

the misfortunes in which she had lately been involved.

"I really hope she did not suffer by my negligence," added Martha, looking all the anxiety which she felt.

"If she did, it was but temporarily," said Mrs. Strong, "and the pay will come now in just as good a time. Work, of any kind, has been very hard to be obtained this past winter, and does not yet come in very freely. Eleanor had no regular customers to depend upon, either; as her occupation, usually, has been that of a day-governess. This bright weather is very full of consolation to us; the poor like to see the blue sky and warm sun-light, after a threatening winter."

"You love a little glimpse of spring in those flowers by your side," remarked Mr. Irving.

"I verily believe Eleanor went without her supper, last night, to give three cents for them; she is as fond of flowers as a mother is of her child."

"Do not let her tell any of her wealthy patrons of her folly; they will condemn her at once," continued he, with a smile.

"We have not been dependent upon their liberality this long, without finding that out," replied Mrs. Strong, with an answering smile. She and Mr. Irving were friends already, by the freemasonry of mutual appreciation.

At that moment a voice was heard in the passage, warbling wild and free as a bird—a sweet, rich voice with a tearful undertone of sadness that pierced to the heart at once; the door was opened, and Eleanor, with her bonnet in her hand, entered the room. She had been drinking in the beauty of the day as she passed along the street, with her eyes more upon the blue sapphire of the sky transfused with golden sunbeams, than upon the people around her; she had heard the frequent cry of "bonnie plants!" and birds had warbled from the open windows of conservatories—and so, for

the time being, she had forgotten all things, but the beauty of spring, the joy of the sunshine, the freshness of youth. She had forgotten her empty wallet, her unemployed days, her month's rent unpaid, her breakfast unprovided for—for a few moments she was a happy girl—she

"Felt as she used to feel
Before she knew the woes of want—
And the walk that costs a meal,"

Her thin cheek was red as a rose, her eyes were swimming in the light of her soul, she showed what she really was—so different from the pale, reserved, dejected seamstress, that Martha hardly recognized her. Was it a weakness in the mother that a flush of gratified pride dawned in her pallid cheek when she beheld how beautiful her child looked—how full of animation and spiritual enthusiasm? If it was, we will forgive her—she had not many weaknesses—they had been shaken out of her by the tempests of life, as acorns are shaken from the oak that beetles over a precipice.

When Eleanor saw the visitors she paused—all the light and color died out of her face—she remembered painfully her last evening at Mr. Livingstone's,—but Martha, with the warmth of her impulsive, girlish heart, sprang up, and went toward her with extended hand.

"I am so glad to see you again, dear Eleanor," she said, "I neglected you so long—but I was away, in the country. I went to my aunt's—and papa and mamma are in New Orleans,—they are going to Madeira. So I have come, not alone to pay you the *money* which I owe you, but to express to you my deep interest, and my boundless gratitude for—you know what; and to say farewell! for to-morrow I must start to join my parents. It is due to you to tell you, that I am quite happy now, and all things settled—only I feel very, very lonely at the idea of leaving my native city, my home, my pets, and my friends. I hope you will allow me,

Eleanor, to number you among the latter."

"A very pretty speech," thought Mr. Irving to himself. At the same time he was taking a catalogue of the books, all well worn, and evidently much read, which were piled up on the wall side of the table, in lieu of a bookshelf. "The Bible, Shakspeare, Milton—good food for thought, and school for wisdom; the Corn-Law Rhymer, Alton Locke, and the poems of Gerald Massey—hem!—Longfellow, Lowell, Mrs. Stowe—good; Madame de Staël, Thier's French Revolution, Lamartine, Guizot,—whew!—in French, too!—Sismondi, Carlyle, Paul and Virginia, Jane Eyre, Mrs. Osgood, Life of Charlotte Bronte, Star Papers—a medley out of which a quick, inquisitive mind would not fail to get more than is to be found in the wooden library of Curtis' friend, Mr. Potiphar." And Mr. Irving's bright, dark eyes, fixed themselves curiously upon the seamstress, who was now replying to Martha's cordial sentences.

While the two girls sat down together and talked rapidly of the contemplated journey, and the weather, &c., he drew little Constance up in the hollow of his arm, and whispered in her ear,—

"What do you want most of any thing in this world, that money will buy?"

She looked up earnestly into the admiring eyes—

"Hush, speak low—do not let any one hear you," said he.

"Well, for myself, I should like a pair of shoes, but that is not what I want worst. And I would like a flat hat, like other little girls, but that is not what I want most. And I should like to buy Aunt Eleanor a pretty bouquet, but that is not what I want most. I'll tell you," she whispered, in childish confidence, "it's a nice arm-chair for grandma, with a better back than the one she has, for she has the spinal complaint, and that does not rest her much. Aunt Ellen has

meant to buy her one this long, long time, but she'll never get money enough, I'm afraid, if she works till she is dead."

"And you want this more than a 'flat hat' for yourself?"

"Oh, yes!"

"I'm much obliged to you for answering me. I wanted to learn what a little girl's taste might be. Some want beautiful dresses more than any thing else."

"Grandma tells me I must not think about finery, so I have forgotten about it nearly all the time—and I don't care so much for it, because it's of no use."

"If we could all learn that philosophy so young, it would save us a great deal of discontent, Mrs. Strong," turning to her. "Your little one here says she does not care about fine things, because it is no use. If we could learn not to sigh after things which we can not attain, we would be more contented than we are; there would be fewer heart-burnings, disappointed ambitions, repinings, and covetings."

"Yet we ought to aspire—even if it be as the moth for the star, or the night for the morrow, for out of aspiration comes the wings of the spirit which bear it above the dull level of every-day necessities."

"Oh, yes! but aspiration after things spiritual is never entirely in vain—it is of use. Our very desire to be elevated, elevates us. Little fairy, what is your name?"

"Constance."

"She does not need fine clothes," continued the visitor to Mrs. Strong; "like the lilies of the field she is clothed in her own exceeding purity and beauty. I think I have never seen a lovelier child. She is not yours? I believe she calls you grandmamma."

"She is my grandchild; she has neither father or mother."

Eleanor turned at this, and spoke in that half fierce, half passionate manner which she sometimes used:

"Her father died, and his partner robbed my sister of her property. She, delicate, young, and lovely as this child, began to teach a country school for a living. She died of a cold contracted by walking three miles in an awful snow-storm, from her school-house to a farm-house, where she boarded for the week, going without her supper because her feeble appetite refused fried pork and cold corn-cake, creeping to bed, chilled through, in a garret into which the snow drifted, with not sufficient covering upon her bed to keep her warm. I tell you, my heart turns to fire when I think of it. I could—"

"Eleanor, my child!"

She saw the intense pain she was giving her mother, and desisted.

Mr. Irving arose and paced two or three times across the floor. "I am very fond of children, and something in this child's flower-like fairness has so won upon me, that I wish—wish that you would allow me to adopt her. Do not be startled. I do not mean to take her away from you, or assume any kind of control of her—but to furnish her the means for a suitable education—to see that she does not want for any thing, and, occasionally to call upon her, and note the growth of mind and body. I shall be as sacredly tender of her as if she were my own daughter."

"I know not that I ought to refuse," murmured Mrs. Strong, presently, "it will lift a great burden from Eleanor's shoulders, who has taken that task upon herself."

"I am rich and unmarried," pursued Mr. Irving, "and I shall not feel the expense, any more than the ox felt the fly upon its horn; now do permit me,—it will give me such a homely feeling of happiness."

"This offer has come to Constance because she was worthy of it, mother, and I do not know that we have a *right* to refuse—since to refuse, might be to her loss. I may die before she is a woman grown. Our pride may rebel, but our common-sense accepts."

"Your pride has no business with the matter, Miss Strong; 'pride ruined the angels; their shame them restores,' says Emerson. It is a very dangerous egotism—but we love to cherish it. I will come again and ask you about this, when you have had time to think about it. I see you have Alton Locke almost worn out with reading. Do you think that fine old Scotchman, Sandy Mackay, too conservative?"

Instead of replying directly to his question, Eleanor was off again,—

"I think we are threatened with a state of society here as terrible as that which Alton Locke pictures. I see the black shadow creeping—I feel its chill upon me. America is great and rich—she has resources which can not be exhausted. But just the moment that this mighty tide of emigration to the West comes to a standstill, her cities will fester with corruptions as foul as hide in the heart of London. Already the capitalists have the monopoly, and the laboring classes are being brought down to wages upon which they can not live as the working-classes of America *once* lived. Already the line is stretched tighter between the rich and the poor. The spirit of extravagance and indulgence in boundless luxury is riotous—so, of course, the poor must be flung to the other extreme. I see the future looming up, dark with the despair of millions who should find in this great country enough for the needs of all. It will be the old story over again. Men predict an unprecedented spiritual progress, freedom from the evils of the past, universal prosperity, the coming in of a millennium. What do I see? the working women of New York clothed in rags, and begging for bread—the Woolwich Arsenal expending brains and intelligence to invent and perfect yet more hideous instruments of war and destruction than were ever before known. O, Civilization! is this all that we have to expect from thee?"

"I have brighter hopes, Miss

Strong. I hope to have the pleasure some time, of discussing them with you; but I think I must now take Miss Livingstone away, for her tasks are not yet all performed, and she has but little time."

Martha arose to go. She would fain have emptied her purse into Eleanor's hand, but dared not offer it. She laid down a half eagle upon the table, and unfastening from her arm a very fine and costly cameo bracelet, she clasped it upon Eleanor's with the request that she would "keep and wear it, in remembrance of her."

"I will do so," said the girl, the tears rising to her eyes. "It will be the only piece of jewelry I shall have, and no danger of its associations being disturbed by other gifts. God bless you, Miss Livingstone."

"May your journey be safe and prosperous," added her mother.

Kissing little Constance, the two departed, leaving the little household more excited and interested than it had been in a long time.

It was not more than an hour after their absence that a cart came to the front of the house, and a really luxurious invalid's chair, and a little round box were borne into their room. The box was directed to "Little Constance;" so she opened it and found the "flat hat," the pair of shoes, and a large, choice bouquet.

"I know what it all means," cried the happy child, confessing to her grandmother what she had answered Mr. Irving when he asked her what she would like best.

"The chair is for grandma, the bouquet for Aunt Ellen, and the hat and shoes for me. I must try them on and see if they fit. Oh, I do hope they will not be too large, nor too small. No, they are just right—almost; a little large, but they'll do."

That evening, after their quiet tea, Ralph and Martha sat together in the great parlors. The house seemed very lonely and deserted, and the young girl was anxious to get away from it—anxious, yet reluctant. She pined

to see her parents, yet she dreaded to leave her old home. Ralph had promised to see that some kind friend gave a home to her birdies. She had gathered a great moss of flowers from the conservatory, and placed them in a silver bowl upon the table close by, where she could breathe their fragrance for the last time.

The chandeliers were fully lighted, and her eyes dwelt with a melancholy fondness upon the pictures, curtains, the elegant toys upon the mantels, her piano, guitar, her books of engravings, even the favorite little rocking-chair of amber-colored satin, in which she had most delighted to lounge. The longer she gazed, the more precious they grew in her eyes, and the lonelier and more dreary grew the journey before her, even though her parent's faces smiled at the end of the route.

Ralph had been giving her minute instructions how to proceed; she had decided to go by sea, rather than the overland route which her parents had been obliged to take; this obviated all important objections to her taking the journey with only her maid, as her cousin had especially recommended her to the care of the captain of the steamer, and was to telegraph to her father to meet her at the landing. He had made and exacted a promise of as frequent a correspondence as could be kept up through such a distance. Then, when all was said, they sat silent, thinking how very unhappy the whole affair was,—how doubtful it was if they ever met again—of the accidents which might occur—of the years of separation which must intervene—of that far future in which they might possibly meet.

Martha found herself wondering how old she should be, and if she should be married, or he,—when she again saw Ralph. A deadly homesickness was creeping over her, a loathing for the contemplated exile. All of a sudden she turned and threw herself upon his bosom, bursting into

a passionate fit of weeping. The more he smoothed her hair, and spoke tenderly, trying to soothe her, the more wildly she sobbed.

"I thought you were going to be very brave, Martha!"

"I did mean to be. But Ralph, I can not leave you—I can not! I have made up my mind to parting with every other tie of friendship and old association, but the more I try to think of saying farewell to you the more impossible it grows. Oh, if you were going with us! Why can you not, dear Ralph? You have nothing to bind you here. If you will only say that you will go, I will leave off crying, and never shed another tear for saying good-by to New York."

"But, dear child, why do you give me this preference over other of your friends? Can it be because I stand so much higher in your esteem?"

He tried to speak very wisely and calmly, as so sagacious a man of thirty should, but his voice trembled unsteadily.

"Say, in my love," answered Martha, never looking up, keeping her face where she had hidden it.

She had not meant to say so much as that, but in the tide of desolation which rushed over her, the words were swept out of her soul, and she could not recall them.

"What kind of love? I must know that before I promise so much as to give up every thing here, and follow a little Will-o-the-Wisp over land and sea. I know you have always regarded me as a grave and fatherly kind of a relative, though not much relationship existed. Say what kind of a love you feel for me!" and he raised her head between his two hands and looked into her face.

A burning flush spread over her countenance; she tried again to conceal it, but could not, and could only take refuge from that eager gaze by dropping her eyelids till the fringes touched her cheeks.

"Answer me, Martha."

"It is not generous of you to demand an answer before I know what kind of a love you would require," and an arch smile just peeped about a mouth, the corners of whose lips had quivered with grief a moment before.

Women have an immense amount of tact, and after the girl had been so unconventional as to make the first advance, she retreated as she saw her lover following; she knew by the light in his eye, by the tremor and joy in his voice that he was enraptured, and now she herself was frightened by the decisive step she had taken.

"I would like you to love me as a wife loves a husband," he said, in a low tone, which sank almost into a whisper.

Now he had pity upon her blushes, and let her head sink to his shoulder.

"I do not know how, or what for," she murmured; "I had not thought of it before—at least I did not know my own heart, until the prospect of separation made me so wretched. You are older and wiser than I, Ralph, and must tell me what I mean—for in truth, I am so—so surprised—"

"Not more surprised than I, nor half so happy! I have known *my* mind this long time, dear Martha—almost ever since you were a child on my knee. But I wished not to influence you before you were of an age fully to understand the nature of your emotions, and to know the difference between a passing fancy and a love founded upon esteem, of slow and certain growth. I have sometimes chidden you, but it was out of the fullness of my anxiety that there should no blight fall upon my cherished flower. No shadow of untruth or impurity have I ever seen rest there, though it has reached out a little too much after the false glare of the sun of fashion. When I saw that there was none other to check the little grafts of selfishness which undue fondness had set, I did it myself, although at the risk of gaining your dislike. But your character was too

really noble for that. I will confess, though, sweet one, that I have had little hope of winning you. I expected some one possessing the charm of novelty, and more the ideal of a young girl's imagination, would step in suddenly and win what I so coveted. I was certain, for a while, that Dick Doolittle's puppeyism would carry the day against my dogmatism. I was a little discontented in those days—I did not wish to give you up to such a coxcomb—I will confess it, now that the danger is past. I would have spoken before you went away, but your manner was so much that of a confiding and affectionate sister, who had no sentiment to conceal, that I was certain I had no hope."

"Neither did I deem that I had any thing to conceal. I don't believe I should have loved you, Ralph, if it had not been for losing you!"

"Ah, you need not try to escape the full responsibility, now; I am satisfied just as the matter stands," and he printed the kiss of betrothal upon her brightening brow.

A STRING OF GOOD THINGS; OR, FRUITS FROM THE FRESHEST FIELDS.

IN reading most of the best papers, magazines, and books of the day, we come upon many things so good as to merit a place in the Note Book. We have been requested by the editor of the excellent "Home," to make into *copy*, what we should have transferred into the said Note Book. This we do, cheerfully; and we hope the readers of this magazine will receive and enjoy these *gatherings* in the same spirit with which they are contributed.

The "Scientific Convention" recently in session, at Springfield, Mass., comprised some of the most eminent talent in the country. The questions investigated, discussed, and theorized, embraced a vast amount of information on purely scientific and historic sub-

jects. In geology and meteorology, especially, the papers read were very important. Every year adds greatly to our knowledge of the earth and its surroundings, and these yearly revelations are greatly modifying and expanding our ideas in regard to the times and processes and purposes of creation. Beyond all doubt a great change is impending in the religious world, consequent on these actual demonstrations of science. These changes will tend toward liberalizing and harmonizing our opinions of one another and of the Creator.

Among the papers read, was one by Prof. Loomis on "Storms." We give our readers the following interesting generalizations:—

The area covered by a violent storm of rain or snow is sometimes nearly circular in form—sometimes elliptical and sometimes very irregular. In the winter storms of the United States the north and south diameter of the area is generally much longer than the east and west diameter.

Wherever storms are circular the area of rain or snow is sometimes 1500 miles in diameter; when their form is elliptical, the area of rain or snow is sometimes 1000 miles wide and 2000 or 3000 miles long.

Sometimes violent storms remain sensibly stationary for four or five days, but generally the center of a storm has a progressive movement along the earth's surface. The rate of this progress varies from zero to 44 miles per hour. The American storms generally travel faster than the European.

Within the limits of prevalent westerly winds, when violent storms are raging, they generally advance from west to east.

Great rains and snow-storms are generally accompanied by a depression of the barometer near the center of the storm and its rise near its margin.

Winter storms commence gradually and generally attain their greatest violence only after a lapse of several

days, and as gradually die away again. This succession of changes may occur all in one place; but oftener, though the storm may continue for a fortnight, it continues but two or three days in any one place.

For several hundred miles around a violent storm, the wind circulates around the center in a direction contrary to the motion of the hands of a watch.

In Europe, as well as in the United States, on the north side of a great storm the prevalent winds are from the northeast, while on the south side they are from the southwest.

The force of the wind is proportioned to the magnitude and suddenness of the depression of the barometer, but very near the center of a violent storm there is often a calm.

On the borders of the storm, near the line of maximum pressure, the wind has but little force, and tends outward from the line of greatest pressure.

The wind uniformly tends from an area of high barometer towards an area of low barometer, and this is one, probably, of the most important laws regulating the movement of the wind.

In a great storm the center of the area of high thermometer frequently does not coincide with that of the area of low barometer or with the center of the area of rain and snow.

The storms of Europe are very much modified, and sometimes in a great measure controlled, by the Alps of Switzerland. By the interposition of these mountains the air which sweeps over them is forced up to a great height, where it is suddenly cooled; its vapor is condensed; heat is accordingly liberated, by which the surrounding air is expanded, and rises above the usual limit of the atmosphere. It thence flows off laterally, leaving a diminished pressure beneath the cloud; that is, the barometer shows a diminished pressure in the neighborhood of the mountain. The mountain thus becomes the center of a great storm, and the storm may continue stationary for several days,

being apparently held in its place by the action of the mountain.

A very interesting paper on "Hindoo Astronomy" was read by Prof. Whiting, of which we should be most glad to give an abstract, did space permit. These annual proceedings are republished in book form: let us recommend our friends, generally, to become attentive readers of these most valuable and interesting records of the advance of knowledge.

The religious world is not a little excited over a recent sermon of Rev. Dr. Bellows, of New York, proposing the plan of a new church. Dr. B. is now a Unitarian minister. It would appear from his exposition of belief, that his church did not answer to his expansive ideas, and into its rather cold *intellectualism* he proposes simply to infuse enough of pomp and circumstance to make the profession attractive and popular. The Dr. has eminent ability and independence, and we shall not be surprised if he succeeds in actually establishing a new church upon the basis proposed in the following proposition, where he calls for "the organic, instituted, ritualized, impersonal, steady, patient work of the church—which, taking infancy into its arms, shall baptize it, not as a family custom, but a church sacrament; which shall speak to the growing children by imaginative symbols and holy festivals—and not merely by Sunday-school lessons and strawberry feasts; which shall confirm them and take them into the more immediate bosom of the church as they attain adult years and are about to step beyond the threshold of domestic life; which shall make both marriage and burial rites of the immediate altar, and give back to the communion service the mystic sanctity which two centuries has been successfully striving to dispel, without gaining by this rationality any thing, except the prospect of its extinction."

He calls for "a new Catholic Church—a Church in which the needed, but painful experience of Protestantism,

shall have taught us how to maintain a dignified, symbolic, and mystic Church-organization, without the aid of the State, or the authority of the Pope.

Probably one of the most purely intellectual minds in this country is that of Ralph Waldo Emerson, of Boston. He is perpetually striking out into new fields of thought, using singular modes of illustration and forms of expression. In a late lecture he discussed the outward expression of the man as offering an index to his inward nature. He allowed that some men show what they are by their gait in walking. Others are easily understood by the form or carriage of other parts of the person. "But *the eye*, as the window of the soul, is the best index of the prevailing emotion. It speaks of sickness or health, sorrow or joy, purity or guilt. There are eyes all innocence, as well as organs out of which restless gnomes and demons peer. Some eyes threaten like a loaded and leveled pistol, and others are as insulting as hissing or kicking; some have no more expression than blueberries, while others are as deep as a well which you can fall into. Then there are *noses of mark*. The nasal organs of Julius Cæsar and William Pitt were sure indices of their strong will and resistless sway among men."

A recent work, given to the world by Ticknor and Fields, is the "Shelley Memorials," prepared by a daughter of Shelley's son, from documents hitherto kept strictly private. The work is called out by the appearance of the recent "Life of Shelley" in three volumes, which, it is asserted by Lady Shelley, does such shocking injustice to her relative's memory as to compel the publication of these private and authentic memoranda and letters. They serve to place the poet before us in a very loving, gentle light. This reference to his tastes and habits clearly typifies the man:—

"Shelley was one of the most sensi-

tive of human beings: he had a horror of taking life, and looked upon it as a crime. He read poetry with great emphasis and solemnity; one evening he read aloud to us a translation of one of Goethe's poems, and at this day I think I hear him. In music he seemed to delight, as a medium of association; the tunes which had been favorites in boyhood charmed him. There was one, which he played several times on the piano with one hand, which seemed to absorb him; it was an exceedingly simple air, which, I understand, his earliest love (Harriet Grove) was wont to play for him. He soon left us, and I never saw him afterwards; but I can never forget him. It was his last visit to Field Place. He was an amiable, gentle being.

Henry Ward Beecher, certainly is an "independent" thinker and speaker. In a late sermon he gave utterance to these positively liberal views:—

I do not hesitate to say that a man is a Christian, and shall be saved, although he never was baptized, although he never touched the Lord's Supper, and although his name was never enrolled on the list of any church, if he yet loves the Lord his God and his fellow-men, and by his life evidences the reality of that love; for the evidence of piety is not in any outward form, but in the inward experience. It is the working of the inward experience in the daily life that makes you Christians—that makes you like Christ, who is your pattern.

"Well, but," you will ask, "do you mean to say that a man may throw the church away?" No, I think it is a great misfortune for a man to be separated from the church. Christianity does not consist in the observance of ordinances, but ordinances are servants or helps of your Christianity. If a man wants to go to New Haven, there are three or four ways that he can go, but some of them are easier and more expeditious than the others. Now I think it is very much so in respect to the ways of getting to heav-

en. The church is a road fitted up with cars, with station-houses, with all manner of appliances, to make our journey there easier. But Christ says to us. "That you come hither is your main duty." If a man prefers to travel on foot, he can not travel so well, as he could by taking the cars; but his going on foot does not alter the fact that he is a traveler, and that he may reach his destination. And if he travels by himself, his journey is a lonesome one, but he is nevertheless a traveler, and may arrive at the place to which he wishes to go. And I say to the young, "You will find the church a help to you in your Christian course;" but if you say to me, "Is the church essential to piety?" I reply, "No! no! God's grace in the soul—that is the thing which is essential. No outward thing whatever is essential."

This is a declaration which very few ministers will care to repeat, yet that it finds a hearty response in almost every man's soul we must solemnly believe. We have often heard Mr. Beecher ask to partake of the sacrament, "*all* persons who felt that the ordinance would do them good, whether or not they ever belonged to any church." Some persons and presses have doubted the truth of this statement (which has before been made), but we have heard the invitation too frequently to allow any questioning of it.

HINTS TO YOUNG MOTHERS.

THE day upon which a young mother receives to her heart and home her first-born child, is the day the most solemn and important of her life—a day much fuller of obligation and responsibility than her marriage day. For, in assuming her marriage-vow, she enters into partnership with one whose character is formed, and who must act for himself and be judged by his actions; but in becoming a mother, she assumes the guardianship of a helpless body, and an unformed mind, which will inevitably

become what she molds them to be, and wear her impress in this world and the next. It matters not though this really terrible obligation has been assumed by her willingly, or reluctantly; when she has become the mother of a child she cannot escape it, nor impose it upon another, nor in any way dispose of her duty except by doing it. Mingled with the joy and wonder with which the tender, tiny creature is welcomed, is a feeling of its sacredness as an immortal soul. This feeling sinks deep as a plummet of lead into the heart of the young mother. Others may feel something of it, the father may dimly perceive it, but with the mother it is forever present and conscious, troubling her soul as the angels troubled the waters of the pool. As the new weight rests upon her, she feels her own feebleness, and, albeit, she is accustomed to prayer or not, she closes her eyes and lifts a mute petition to the sender of the gift to grant her strength and wisdom and earnestness of purpose sufficient for her need.

She is no longer a girl; she is no longer the petted bride. It has become *her* turn to assume the burden—to learn patience, self-abnegation—to put her own interests second—to serve without other return than the reward of her own love for the one she serves. Her sleep is no longer the thoughtless and perfect sleep of youth; even in slumber she remembers her charge, and starts from her broken dreams. She is no longer free to come and go; a chain of steel and gold, commingled, binds her to that little helpless incarnation of humanity.

There can be no selfishness in the relation which the mother holds to her child. Joy, deep and pure, will spring from it, and even that most innocent of earthly sins, maternal vanity, may cause her heart to glow, and her face to beam; but all this arises out of that unselfishness of love which gives and receives not. The child lives and thrives upon the

life of the mother. He drew upon her flesh and blood before birth; he draws upon her breast for sustenance through infancy; and he draws upon her heart-strings, her mental resources, her time, her physical strength incessantly, so long as he remains a child.

Taking it for granted then, that the young mother has begun a new and most important era of her life; if she is a reflective, conscientious woman, she must be deeply impressed with it. She will wish to do her duty to her child, not only for the duty's sake, but because of the great love she has for the child, which causes her earnestly to pray to make it as good and perfect a human being as possible. Every mother *hopes* that her children will be better than the average. Hope is good; but faith without works is nothing. She must *work* to accomplish her wishes. The great object to be sought is a sound mind in a sound body. And since the mind can hardly be sound unless encased in a healthy body, the physical well-being of the infant is the very first and most important consideration. Even with as perfect a physical organization as is now possible, and passions and emotions well controlled, the child, when it grows up, will have full enough of trial and suffering. How anxiously, how earnestly should the mother endeavor that neither its helpless infancy, joyous youth, or care-worn maturity should be darkened and distorted by pain and disease brought upon it through *her* ignorance, neglect, and inefficiency. If it comes into the world burdened with its parents' misfortunes or sins, laden with scrofula, or other life-long evil, the inheritor of consumption, or puny and irritable from the nervousness and debility of the mother, more, much more, are love and pity to be lavished, not foolishly with dangerous indulgence, but wisely, with patience, skill, and watchfulness, to overcome as much as may be, the difficulties which beset its way. It is a sorrowful thing to look forward to the

future of such children, and know that if they ever do acquire cheerfulness, good temper, and those gifts of sunshine which their more favored companions inherit as they do air and life, it will be through severe self-struggling and conquering of giant difficulties. It is true that the healthy child, boisterous with life, has its fits of passion, screams to be indulged, betrays wilfulness and many phases of the "Old Adam." These ebullitions should be firmly dealt with. It is more to teach a man to govern himself than to take a city. But it is the weakly, bad-blooded, excitable, nervous, or suffering children who are most given to fretfulness, temper, and sullenness. All the love and wisdom of the tenderest and wisest heart is none too much to deal rightly by these, to do them no injustice, while yet they are taught to wear their chains of pain with cheerfulness.

Let the mother seek, first, then, as far as is in her power, the *health* of her offspring; and she can not begin attention to this *too soon*. "The mother's care of her child should commence with its very conception, and continue until it goes out to take its share in the responsibilities of life. Too many are either ignorant of this, or neglect to consider the child's welfare till it commences its separate existence at birth." That subjection of the mother's temper, wishes, appetites, &c., which is demanded after birth by the many and ceaseless requirements of her infant, must begin from the time when she learns that such duties are soon to be hers. All patience and self-denial, good habits and intelligence, in the laws of health, will be repaid by the pleasure and comfort of a healthy, good-tempered babe. In this day of books and the general diffusion of knowledge, ignorance of the vital laws which govern life is inexcusable in a mother, if she can read, and possibly get access to information. A little music, drawing, French, and dancing, is supposed to accomplish a girl and render her emi-

nently fit to become a wife and mother. The nobler learning which concerns her own and her children's mental training and bodily welfare is not placed before her as something to be coveted.

Let the young mother, if she feels herself ignorant of matters of so great importance, make it a duty to inform herself,—“How is it with the young mother and her child? Can she stop to experiment with this little instrument, even to consider what tune she is about to play, whether in triple or quadruple time, legato or staccato, forte or pianissimo? No, no. She has at once to play life or death tunes. She has now no time for thought, but action is the word. She may know instinctively that because she has a stomach that her little infant has one, but about its capacity, its wants, she has never thought, and consequently has no knowledge but blind impulse for her guide. She certainly, then, is like the blind leading the blind, and oh, how many are thus sacrificed, as fatally as in pagan climes, when the ignorant mother appeases her perverted conscience by throwing her children to the crocodiles!”

Once in two hours is often enough for a new-born child to nurse, and this period should be gradually lengthened to three and four hours by the time it is nine and ten months old. It is a pernicious habit to feed a babe every time it is restless; regularity should mark its meals *full as much* as the grown person. The mother should not be made a slave, nor the child a glutton. Nothing is surer than that a tolerably healthy infant can be made to have habits of regularity in eating, sleeping, &c.; and these habits not only relieve its attendants from much unnecessary care, but promote its own well-being. The mother, frequently, in her over-tenderness, will have the child to sleep upon her bosom; will run to it at the slightest cry, and walk with it, rock it, and trot it half to death; will nurse

two or three times where she should nurse it but once; and in many foolish ways sacrifice all her own quiet, and harm the little creature she essays to benefit. The child should have regular hours for sleep, and should be made perfectly comfortable at the hour, so that nothing need interfere with its enjoyment of repose. It should, being neither hungry, cold, wet, nor too tightly confined by its dress, be laid down in a place not too light or noisy, and allowed to sink to rest without being jogged, trotted, or rocked. At night it should be free from all restrictions of tight clothes, and be trained to sleep, as it almost always will, if not spoiled, as regularly as its parents, except awakening twice or thrice to be fed. It should lie away from the mother. It should be kept warm by coverings light, soft, and thick, as fine flannel blankets. It should be allowed sunshine and change of air. Its bosom and arms should not be carelessly exposed in damp and cold weather. It should have, after the first month, the full freedom of its limbs, to toss them, tumble, roll, kick, and exercise itself as it likes; of course being careful that its back is supported, and that it does not stand too much on its feet before its legs are strong enough to bear it. Let it lie upon its back and play with its toes; let it learn that it can amuse and take care of itself.

(*To be continued.*)

SIR-MA'AM.

BY D. A. BIBB.

THE spotted fawns that through the forest ran,
The squirrels leaping from the path of man,
Were not more full of graceful timidity
Nor loved e'en friends' abrupt approaches less,
Though not by flight did she her heart express;
But if she did at one's rude fancy guess,
An instant shadow on her loveliness—
So rare and radiant—fell on eyes and forehead
fair,
On form and features, save the yellow hair,
Which could not lose its one all-perfect hue,
Most like the mist-youth's visions golden
through,

Than aught which man's material eye e'er knew.
 Her cheek would flush and pale—a gem-like tear
 On either drooping lash would quick appear
 At words and gestures which did not contain
 For other hearts a hint of aught to pain,
 As though *their* rudeness was to *her* a stain,
 Till they who minded little other's reign
 Received from this fair timid girl a yoke
 Resembling Christ's. All in her sight did cloak
 Whate'er they had within of bad or vile,
 And were exalted o'er themselves the while
 Her angel-loveliness upon them shone;
 The play-ground of the school, while she look'd on,
 Was joy and courtesy, as though each one
 Did feel himself a noble's noble son,
 Or heiress of a mother's Christian fame;
 But they were rustic children, and could claim
 No intimacy with the gorgeous names
 Which poets give such beings—yet there came
 Ere long a whisper, which from mouth to mouth
 Ran welcome as the breeze of the sweet South,
 Which fann'd their brows in spring. A quaint,
 Yet fitting name for her. They blent
 The only two words which they had to tell
 Of reverence, and respect, and courtesy,
 And this to them their feelings spoke so well
 That instantly with all it came to be
 Her appellation.

Years have fled since then,
 Those children now upon life's battle-field
 Are struggling as they may—and she is now
 A wife and mother—bearing on her brow,
 And in her eyes, still changeful as of yore,
 And in her smile, more sweet than then she wore,
 And in her mien, the surety that she is
 A bright fulfilment of the nameless bliss
 Her childhood promised unto all who lived
 To see her beauty, when it had received
 The crown of womanhood. That yellow hair
 Still shades a face as stainless and as fair,
 No lightest lustre lost. That smile is still
 An indication of sweet loving will,
 And over all the weird magician thought
 A wondrous veil that dims no charms has wrought;
 And still the spirit, this bright form within,
 Shrinks from all shapes of rudeness and of sin,
 Trembling and weeping if they do but dare
 In her pure presence breathe the same bright air;
 And hearts and lips still give to her the name
 They gave her childhood—sweetly quaint
 "Sir-Ma'am."

July, 1859.

THE COUNTRY HOME.

(See Engraving.)

DID you ask me where was the heifer Roan,
 Laura?—I truly forgot to look
 As I came from the field; but I'll go down
 And search for her by the brook.

The sun, all day long, has been so hot
 That the cattle lay lapping the air like hounds
 Just in from the hunt; and your Roan has not
 Left the beech-grove's cooler bounds.

But how is my cottage flower to-day?
 My lily for fairness—my rose for bloom;
 Did her busy feet rest one hour from play?
 Did she wish papa would come home?

And how is my boy?—can his mother tell
 Of cheerful obedience render'd her?
 Can he say he has learn'd his school-tasks well?

He looks like a philosopher;

These are our pleasant days, dear wife;
 There's summer at home as well as a-field:
 We're sipping the honey and wine of life,
 Ripeness and plenty are everywhere rife—
 Bless God for the harvest they yield!

MY MARY.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

THE moon rides high in heaven,
 The stars hang in the sky
 Like pearls on Beauty's bosom,
 Or tears in Beauty's eye;
 And from the hills the wind-voice
 Sweeps down the fields of grain,
 And the whole earth is running o'er
 With joy akin to pain—
 And hearts are beating wild and strong
 Like the great restless main.
 The flowers to birth are blushing,
 Beneath this radiant June—
 And bright-winged birds and laughing rills
 Chant melodies in tune;
 But ah! my Mary's ear is deaf
 To all this glad refrain;
 This glorious ripeness cannot pierce
 The tomb's enshadowed fane!
 But what is this—the life she left—
 To her eternal gain?
 On heaven's high hills unfading stars
 Forever shine and glow!
 And angels walk the golden cliffs
 In garments like the snow!
 My Mary with her white hands clasp'd
 Upon her spotless breast,
 Went up there, just two years ago,
 Asking a little rest;—
 And God, the Father, took her home,
 And crown'd her SAVED AND BLEST!
 Farmington, N. H.

EDITOR'S RETREAT.

GLORY.

SOMEBODY has defined glory, to be "getting killed in battle, and having your name spelt wrong in the papers." There is a great deal of pitiful truth in this curt remark. What glory have the soldiers gained who shed their blood upon the battle-field of Solferino? The *men* who did the fighting, felt the anguish, received the death-stroke—they are but as so much dust, or rather as so many weapons and implements of fight, useful in the hands of the generals who wielded them. Louis Napoleon, who didn't get killed or wounded, and probably did not over-exert himself, has the glory. The mangled sufferers who lay stretched upon the hard beds of the hospitals, or those happier ones whose bodies rot in trenches, and whose souls are now emancipated and gone where tyrants can not oppress them—these have the price to pay for *his* ambition.

When we were young and enthusiastic, we hoped and believed that the Christian religion and the general progress of civilization, had made it impossible for the Christian world any longer to regard it right to plunge into such horrible wars, for *any* reason—much less, for the personal aggrandizement of a few selfish men. But never, since the world began, has war been so full of atrocity and inhuman barbarities as now,—witness the siege of Sebastopol and battle of Solferino. In the days of the heroic Greeks, men fought breast to breast, they closed together, each couple in a valiant struggle for the mastery, and individual prowess had a chance of success and reward. Now, the horrible instruments of death and disfigurement rake down alike the brave and the cowardly. Men are set up to be swept down in rows and battalions by distant, dreadful weapons, against which they have no possibility of defending themselves. "Here," says the correspondent of the N. Y. Times, when the wounded were brought into Brescia, "did we see every conceivable shape of suffering, and every possible kind of wound. The new rifle-balls make terribly ugly

wounds." Three weeks later he writes of these mangled thousands: "They have no surgeons. Those who are the worst injured are not attended to at all. It seems as if an impatience was felt that they should die more quickly, in order that their beds may be occupied by more hopeful cases. They cannot get letters sent to their friends to apprise them of their fate." This, then, is the glory of war. Illuminations and music wait upon the steps of Napoleon, while the families of his victims wait in vain to know if those they love be dead or alive. Thousands of shattered bodies, thousands of broken hearts!—and all for what? We wish that the agonies of body and mind endured by the victims of war could all be concentrated in the authors and declarers of it. Possibly it might abate their zeal.

CHILDREN LOVE NATURE.

It is curious to observe how spontaneously the affections of children flow out towards natural objects. They love grass and flowers, mud and gravel, birds and toads and butterflies. They are happier to have the range of the smallest garden, or the bleakest yard, than they are to be shut up in the house with a nursery full of the costliest toys. They love the rain and the snow, sticks and stones, puddles of water and patches of moss. The farmer's children never need toys, nor a nurse-girl apiece to amuse them. They can amuse themselves. They are happy under the broad blue sky, sunning themselves on the fence, or trudging through the fields. One live chicken, though it may be lame, or scantily adorned with feathers, is dearer to them than twenty wooden or porcelain horses and dogs. What a never-tiring delight the favorite cow is! What fun it is to see the pony eating his supper! Their hearty, exuberant joy is so different from the transient smile or half-wearied look of acceptance which the city-child bestows upon its playthings.

We had an opportunity, in a small way, of remarking upon this natural taste of little people, not long ago. We removed from our home in a tall brick-house, looking

down upon city pavements, to a cottage far enough out of town to allow of a garden, and trees, and flowers. It was in that delicious May-time when the first blossoms open, and the first tender green is yet fresh upon the earth. Our little girl, just two years old, seemed to receive a new comprehension of her power of being happy. Every thing was curious and delightful to her. She "loved to dig in e gards,"—indoor amusements were nothing to her. She thought the dandelions very fine, but when the peonies opened their gorgeous red cups, she would go out half a dozen times a day, and kiss them each. They were about as tall as her, and she would turn their faces to hers and kiss them each and all, out of the impulse of her admiration. It would have been hard to have chosen her a toy which she would have kissed from love, always, of course, excepting dolls, upon which little girls lavish their maternal instincts. She is not tired of the garden yet. She thinks it quite a gift to bestow a handful of grass, and the toads are her especial amusement. The bees, sipping honey out of clover, are a wonder and pleasure to her.

These trifling indications would seem to point out the most proper and healthful manner of living. We do think that people who reach maturity in a city home, without any of that precious store of memories laid up from the straw-stacks and pigs, the barns and poultry yards, the apple-trees and lane, the nut-gatherings and squirrel-huntings, are to be commiserated. Their parents have inflicted upon them a wrong for which no amount of familiarity with shop-windows and city shows can atone. Squirrels and birds, chickens and flowers, are the natural companions of childhood.

SPIRITUAL LOVE.

It is not often that we allow any thing out of the newspapers to peep into our Retreat, which is reserved for a quiet chat with our friends; but we have lately met with a poem so exquisite in its character, expressing so clearly the extasies and earthly disappointments attending upon that love which has lately been revealed as the perfection and fulfillment of our human and divine nature, that we must make room for it. Abigail

Moses is a middle-aged married woman, who has been attending the Free-Love meetings, and has ascertained, rather late in the day, that all this time she has been mismated. As it contains the kernel of the whole matter, and makes every thing as clear as mud, it will not be necessary to comment upon it:

VERSES BY ABIGAIL MOSES.

I ain't a-doin' nothin' else,
But walkin' paths that's thorny ;
For him as meets my werry soul,
Is gone to Californy ;
And now I'm left to bear the brunt,
Of life with Hiram Moses,
Who's just as different from me,
As poppies is from roses.

He eats and drinks, and works and sleeps,
An' ain't a bad provider ;
But nectar's all the same to him,
As so much beer and cider.
I hate this way of doin' life,
In sums of vulgar fractions ;
My spirit yearns for sympathy,
And passional attractions.

My spiral natur's innard self
Has gone and been divided ;
Of course I can't be nothin' else
But innardly lop-sided.

I keep a grasin' arter things,
That's neither here nor yonder,
Just like a goose that's yoked for life
To him that ain't her gander.

I know we meet in spirit yet,
But somehow human natur',
Let's try to squench it all we can,
Develops soon or later,
And if it's true "all flesh is grass,"
It's time old Hiram Moses
Was greenin in the pickle now
For that Metempsychosis.

He hain't got no ideal life,
An' "pivotal revolvin'"
He don't begin to comprehend,
Or even think of solvin' :
I sometimes wish my views of things
Was all confined to wittals,
To making bread and punkin pies
And scourin' pots and kittles.

And then I shouldn't feel so bad,
Because I ain't rewealin'
To some one else's t'other half
My undevelop'd feelin' ;
I wonder when the time'll come,
That in Association,
A studyin' of the beautiful,
I'll follow my vocation.

This is the most satisfactory presentation of the "peculiar doctrine" which we have seen. A woman has a perfect right to be

unhappy with a man who hadn't ideality enough to comprehend the "revolvin'" theory.

COCOONS.

The silk-worm spins itself a glistening shroud out of its own body. It dies, and the world is the richer for the beautiful threads in which it has wrapped itself. So the man of genius spins himself a shroud out of the fine material of his brain; his life goes out with the exquisite work which he elaborates, and when he dies the world inherits the beautiful and priceless thought into which he has woven his being.

DIMPLES.

Dimples are the perpetual smiles of nature—the very cunningest device and lurking-place of love. When the earth is dimpled by dells and valleys, it always seems to laugh,—when the ocean is dimpled by the light breeze, it sparkles with joy beneath the sunshine of heaven. We can not look for frowns on a dimpled face—frowns and dimples will not associate together. How soft, how roguish, how beautiful are the dimples in the elbows and shoulders, the pretty hands and feet of the rosy babe. Mothers dote upon those darling dimples, and delight to kiss them. But perhaps the most perfectly enchanting dimples, at least to the eye of an enthusiastic young man, are those which come peeping out of the cheeks and around the mouth of "sweet seventeen," when sweet seventeen essays some arch, provoking sally—peeping out and flying away the moment after, coming and going with the most bewildering coquetry.

THE EMERALD ROBE.

Each season the earth weaves for herself a fresh garment. She is not capricious in her taste, for her robe is always green, embroidered with flowers, shaded with every conceivable tint of that one color, marvelous for its richness, fullness, gracefulness. It waves about her, a royal robe, clothing her with beauty, evidence of her wealth, an emerald-hued garment, bright with diamonds and flowers.

A PRIZE.

We have heard of a prize recently offered by the Humane Society—a prize of a woman—a "perfect woman, nobly planned, to be awarded to some young man who has signalized his interest in humanity by his devotion to himself. This embodiment of female virtues, is beautiful without knowing it; is wise without presumption; never speaks, except when she is spoken to; is a charming, witty conversationalist; is perfectly submissive; has great dignity of address; is an excellent maid-of-all work, and an accomplished lady; cooks a good dinner, and presides well at the head of the table; her husband would be proud of her in public, and she would obey him in private; and there is not the least doubt in the world but she would always be neatly and elegantly dressed, to please the most fastidious taste, upon twenty dollars a year. Now, if there be any man, penurious, egotistical, exacting, and tyrannical enough to be really worthy of this prize, let him present himself to the Humane Society, and allow his claims to be considered.

THE BASKET OF FLOWERS.

Warm in the center the roses are set,
Glowing and tender as some young heart,
And about them the fragrant mignonette,
Like sweet thoughts out of a soul, doth start.

And all around in a rainbow ring
Are rich verbenas, many and rare,
While rose-geraniums profusely fling
Their perfume forth on the happy air.

A circle of beauty, a ring of sweets,
That wins my fancy and shuts it up
Like a butterfly lost in the magic deeps
Of some honey'd blossom's enchanted cup!

Cool and bright are the autumn days,
The flowers are perishing one by one;
Already the sky hath a purple haze,
And a yellow blight through the woods doth run.

So it maketh his beauty more welcome still,
Since roses in autumn are sweet as rare;
It bringeth back spring with a sudden thrill,
And all the joys that in spring-time were.

From a heart that loveth the beautiful,
And a hand soul-taught in an art so dear,
Must have come a gift so divinely full
Of the presence that teaches us heaven is near.

HOME HINTS AND HELPS.

MRS. HAVEN, in her last story in *Godey*, makes the little sister of her heroine tell a visitor "that they always have baked indian-pudding upon ironing days, because there is so good a fire." The mother blushed at this betrayal of her household economy. She should not have blushed; but, being poor, of course, she was sensitive. We believe in small economies; unless families are so wealthy that such saving may consistently be neglected. There were two things gained by the pudding upon ironing days—the fire was not kept up half of a summer's day simply to cook a pudding, and we think the comfort equal to the saving. Where the ironing is done by the cooking-stove, both trouble and expense will be saved by having something in the oven to benefit by it. To keep up a brisk fire five or six hours to boil a soup or a pudding, adds considerably to its costliness, besides the necessity for watching the fire. But upon washing-day, if there be space for an extra pot, any thing which requires long and not very furious heat, may judiciously be prepared for table; and upon ironing-day the oven should not be allowed to remain idle all through its capital state of readiness for "doing" various things "brown." If you want the top of the stove for your irons, you can roast nearly all your dinner, and only be delayed a short time to dish it up. Pare the potatoes and put them in the dripping-pan with the meat—they will be different from yesterday's boil, and very nice.

We know of a lady who economized in her coffee. She made it very weak, and always twice as much as was wanted; the remainder she carefully saved and warmed over with the new the next morning. In this way she always succeeded in having miserable coffee, and had the satisfaction of thinking herself commendably saving. This is not the kind of carefulness we like to see practiced; we believe comfort and excellence may be secured with economy. Handsome parlors will lose nothing, and plain ones will gain much from those little additions which the tasteful fingers of their owners can manufacture. We are no friend to that endless

slavery to fancy-work which seems to enchain both mind and body of some of our sex; but we do think that many pretty trifles can be made in leisure hours, which will give a more home-like and pleasing look to the best rooms of a house, than any amount of elegant furniture. Hanging baskets are exceedingly pretty, made of wire and beads, to suspend between the window draperies or behind a chandelier. These take some time and patience. A very pretty perpetual flower-basket for winter can be made with but little trouble to any one who has access to wood-mosses and common garden-flowers. Gather such flowers as will dry without fading—for instance, marigolds, china-asters, everlasting white and purple, chrysanthums,—hang them up by the stems until dry, in the house; buy a prettily-shaped, shallow basket; fill it with handsome mosses; stick the flowers tastefully in the moss, which will hold them to their places. Suspend the basket underneath a picture, or wherever you please. It will look bright, fresh, and pretty through the winter months. Dried grasses make beautiful bouquets for vases.

Many articles of chamber furniture can be manufactured at comparatively trifling cost. Toilet-tables, the easiest of arm-chairs, sewing-stands, lounges, etc., can be made of barrels and boxes covered with chintz. The chairs are really equal to very luxurious "steel-spring, satin-brocade, sixty-dollar easy chairs," in every thing but appearance, and they look pretty enough for cottage chambers and sitting-rooms. We had a splendid one, once, made out of a hogshead and covered with corduroy—it was quite a royal affair. The skirt of an old white or brown dress will make a handsome covering to a toilet-stand. We will write more particularly about this some other day.

We may, this month, be permitted to lay before our readers some of the choice miscellaneous recipes which have found their way into our drawer of clippings.

TO CLEAR A ROOM OF MOSQUITOES.—We

have the following excellent and simple hint which we find credited to the *Pee Dee Times*: "I have tried the following, and find that it 'works like a charm.' Take of gum camphor a piece about one-third the size of an egg, and evaporate it by placing it in a tin vessel and holding it over a lamp or candle, taking care that it does not ignite. The smoke will soon fill the room, and expel the mosquitoes. One night, not long since, I was terribly annoyed by them, when I thought, and tried the above, after which I neither saw or heard them that night, and next morning there was not one to be found in the room, though the window had been left open all night."

TO PRESERVE FLOWER SEEDS.—Those who are curious about saving flower seeds, must attend to them in the month of August. Many kinds will begin to ripen apace, and should be carefully sticked and supported, to prevent them from being shaken by high winds, and so partly lost. Others should be defended from much wet; such as asters, marigolds, and generally those of the class of *Syngenesia*; as from the construction of their flowers they are apt to rot, and the seeds to mold, in bad seasons. Whenever they are thought ripe, or indeed any others, in wet weather, they should be removed to an airy shed or loft, gradually dried, and rubbed or beat out at convenience.

GATHERING THE PERFUMES OF PLANTS.—The perfume of flowers may be gathered in a very simple manner, and without apparatus. Gather the flowers with as little stalk as possible, and place them in a jar, three parts full of olive or almond oil. After being in the oil twenty-four hours, put them into a coarse cloth, and squeeze the oil from them. This process, with fresh flowers, is to be repeated, according to the strength of the perfume desired. The oil, being thus thoroughly perfumed with the volatile principle of the flowers, is to be mixed with an equal quantity of pure rectified spirits, and shaken every day for a fortnight; then it may be poured off, ready for use.

As this is the season for moths, bugs, etc., the following hints for their destruction will be found available:

TO ENTIRELY CLEAR OUT THE RED ANT.—

Wash your shelves down clean, and while damp rub fine salt on them quite thick, and let it remain on for a time, and they will disappear.

TO PREVENT MOTHS IN CARPETS.—Rub or strew around the edge of carpets, and on them, salt and pepper, and they will not eat them.

TO DISTURB AND PREVENT BED-BUGS.—After cleaning the dust off, wash with strong salt water any thing they get on or into.

TO DESTROY BUGS.—Bugs can not stand hot alum water. Take two pounds of alum, bruise it and reduce it nearly to powder; dissolve it in three quarts of boiling water, letting it remain in a warm place till the alum is dissolved. The alum water is to be applied hot, by means of a brush, to every joint and crevice. Brush the crevices in the floor of the skirting-board if they are suspected places. Whitewash the ceiling, putting in plenty of alum, and there will be an end to their dropping from thence.

RAT AND MOUSE POISON.—There is no one but dreads to either handle or use arsenic, it is so deadly, and so liable to be mistaken for other things. A friend has lately been experimenting with chrome yellow (chromate of lead), and has met with, apparently, entire success. He mixed chrome yellow with an equal quantity of flour, and made paste of it, into which he stirred some oats, buckwheat, and rye, used for chicken feed. The paste was so thin that it was readily incorporated with the whole mass. The vermin devoured it greedily, and have not been seen or heard of since. The color prevents the paste, or whatever it is mingled with, being mistaken for human food, and dogs and cats will not eat it. It is a very valuable discovery.

TO GET RID OF COCKROACHES.—Cockraches are driven away by strewing elderberry leaves on the shelves and other places frequented by these suspicious insects.

FOR CLEANING FLOOR BOARDS.—Scrubbing them with a mixture made by dissolving unslacked lime in boiling water will have the desired effect. The proportions are, two table-spoonfuls to a quart of water. No soap need be used.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SUMMER fabrics are being withdrawn from the windows of the fashionable shops, and autumn colors are glowing there, in advance of nature herself. Black grounds, in ribbons and dress-goods, made brilliant by large or small set figures of the richest hues, form one of the features of the season. Bonnets are larger in the crown than they have been, and are trimmed much with black and orange, etc. Bonnet-capes are made more of silk, for straws, than of the same material; black silk capes, bound with some bright color in plush or velvet, are much used. The flowers, this fall, are very pretty and appropriate. Drooping wheat flowers, poppies, crysanthemums, etc., are favorites. They are still worn near the center of the bonnet, the trimming running to the brim in a point. Cloaks are not yet opened to the retail trade, but there are several new designs of fall shawls which are sufficiently pretty, and not expensive, warmer than the stellas, and more lively. As to sleeves, we quote from the best authority: "It is positively said that, in spite of the efforts of the dressmakers to prevent it, the tight sleeve will reign supreme, after the summer months are past; even now, all dresses of dark material, such as black or brown silk, satin, or moire-antique, are made with the old-fashioned sleeve, quite tight to the arm and buttoned at the wrist. The sleeve is in some cases terminated by a large linen cuff, and in others by a goffered ruffle which falls over the gloved hand. Of course, this sleeve will only be adopted for walking-dress, as the pagoda-sleeve, with lace undersleeve, will be the mode for dinners and small *soirees*." Velvet is still used upon lace, as trimming for fichus, collars, and undersleeves. Those who reside where it is not convenient to purchase these articles ready made up, by the use of a little time and taste, can manufacture their own. Almost any kind of a puff of lace, or light muslin, decorated with ribbon or velvet, is pretty.

One of the small events of the day, in our city, is the opening of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Its name will doubtless make its fortune. There will be any quantity of

people all over the country who will be willing to pay for the privilege of being [in a place that has an odor of Fifth Avenue about it. It is an immense structure of white marble, covering over an acre of ground; it overlooks Madison Square, and makes the St. Nicholas seem a very "downtown" hotel in comparison; though it is none too far up for the ladies and strangers who have a little time to spare—for which class of custom it was probably intended. It is, at present, the most elegant hotel in the world. It enjoys all the "modern improvements," even to having platforms raised and lowered by means of steam for conveying guests to the upper stories—an idea appreciated by those who have to climb from the first to the sixth floor with a traveler's weariness upon them.

Speaking of hotels, reminds us that just now they are running over with visitors, this being the season at which there is the greatest influx of strangers into the city. We do not hear of any thing especially new and attractive in the way of music, pictures, etc. The city is given up to the wandering of unfamiliar feet—its legitimate occupants being abroad taking their yearly holiday. *Artists*, of all kinds, have deserted it. The painters are away, toiling up mountains, or lingering by streams, lounging upon mossy couches, and looking up into the blue sky through the flickering curtains of murmurous foliage.

The summer which has passed so quietly with us, has been productive of serious results to far-away nations. Hopes of liberty have been kindled in burning hearts, only to go out in the chill of death or the sickly damps of treachery and disappointment. Thousands of once vigorous forms are rotting in trenches; thousands of sufferers linger in hospitals; thousands of widows and orphans feed upon tears; thousands of indignant hearts silently grow upon their own bitterness. Even this sorrowful subject, though, has its jesters, and the following verses, from the *Evening Post*, have some good hits:

Mr. Napoleon Bonaparte :

Contrary to my wish
You've made a peace, and doing so
Have quite upset my dish.

I had a lecture written out

And ready to deliver :
"The Seat of War" the theme thereof ;
You've knock'd it to a sliver.

Jones had a map well-nigh prepared,
Showing the very spots
Where you stood on the battle-fields,
By means of numerous dots.

Brown had a book in manuscript
Quite ready for the printers ;
But you, ungenerous man, have split
Both map and book to splinters.

MacScrabble wrote ten articles
Descriptive of Verona,
And all the towns that lie between
That city and Ancona.

He wrote them for the "Monthly Squib;"
But how was he disgusted
To learn the "Squib," because of peace,
Don't want them—so Mac's "busted."

The "Tribune's" military man
Has read six weeks at least
To write on tactics ! Now his lore
Is lost. You are a beast.

The "Herald" had a theory
Twelve columns full in length,
To show that in th' impending fight
Success would go with strength.

The "Times" men only can't complain ;
They laid their bosoms bare,
And show'd their wisdom all at once
In writing on the "Square."

— We boast, in the United States, of the excessive "gallantry" with which women are treated; yet many *do* whip their wives here with about as much freedom as a Paddy from the "old country." Sometimes policemen interfere; generally they do not, for the excellent reason, that if they did, the "abused wives" would turn around upon their protectors, and everybody knows that a scratching, tearing, biting female is, as Widow Bedott says, "terrible! terrible!" But, boast as we will, we can not equal Paraguay. *Vide* the testimony of a late traveler in that country, who gives the following account of the punishment of a woman-whipper: "My attention was attracted by the appearance of a man who waited on the table during dinner; his dress was more that of a country gentleman than that of a servant, and his countenance peculiarly sad and

subdued. I found my eyes continually wandering toward this individual, whose manner disquieted me, for he moved about wearily, and as if his task was a weary one. After dinner, the superintendent asked me if I had observed the waiter. 'Yes. What is he? Who is he?' 'The richest man in Eastern Paraguay. He has a very large, well-stocked-estancia.' 'And yet he is here as a servant?' 'Yes; he was guilty of the un-gallant act of whipping a woman, and the President has degraded him to be a servant at the iron works. He will at least liberate himself only by paying a fine, or its equivalent in cattle.' So much for the rights of woman, and the summary administration of the law in Paraguay."

— Would it be *vane* if a weather-cock should a *spire* to a steeple? We submit the query for the consideration of Mr. Saxe, now unfortunately compelled to run for governor of Vermont.

— We are receiving encouraging letters from subscribers and correspondents, approving the tone and character of the magazine. It has been our endeavor to do the best that circumstances would allow; but our friends should remember that this is a small magazine, comparatively—only one-third as large as the three-dollar monthlies, as it is just one-third their price; and, therefore, that we have much less space and material at our disposal with which to make a magazine of varied and general interest. It is no small art to make a small table answer all the requirements and necessities of a large company, as any good housewife knows. We shall continue, however, to do the best—let us hope better for the future than in the past. We pen this paragraph to thank our friends sincerely for their generous expressions, and beg to assure them that the present character of "The Home" shall be preserved; that it shall continue to discourse for the home circle, the hearth-stone, and the home affections; that its aim and end shall be to expand the mind, charm the heart, and elevate the soul of its intelligent and constantly widening circle of readers.

— It always is unpleasant to administer reproof, even though it may do good, for it hurts feelings, causes tears or anger, and

leaves an unpleasant thought to canker in the heart. Yet there are occasions when it is a duty, as it is in the case of the young lady who writes us offensively because we would not see sufficient merit in her compositions to admit them to the pages of this magazine and pay for them. We conduct "The Home" for the good of all, not for the benefit of the few. In rejecting a contribution which was worth nothing to us, and thereby refusing to pay for it, we did just what our taste and judgment suggested, and what we had a right to do without being taken to task for such an exercise of an editor's prerogative. Of one thing we have become convinced, from the experience of several years of editorial service, namely: that egotism and vanity are infallible signs of want of merit; and the experience with our correspondent does not disown us of that conviction. While we shall, hereafter, inflexibly say "yes" or "no," as our judgment dictates, we shall claim the *right* to kindly feelings from all; else what a thankless task it were to be an editor!

— The New York correspondent of the Philadelphia *Press* says: "Walking leisurely up Broadway an hour since, I met in a single block, and within the space of five minutes, that gallant filibuster General HENNINGSEN; portly and comfortable-looking Gen. PÆZ; the sanguinary Zouave, Captain DE REVIERE; strong TOM HYER; MARY TAYLOR, (that was), and that graceful and felicitous person, Signor BRIGNOLI." How sure a "shoulder-hitter," or a person of some scandalous notoriety, is to attract attention! We dare say if the same person had possessed eyes for men and women of true mark and merit, he would also have met on the Broadway promenade with many of our most eminent divines, scholars, and poets. But *such* worth does not meet with "popular" recognition. So the world goes.

— A lady-writer, in one of our exchanges, announces the revival of an old fashion—that of wearing aprons. The styles worn at present are small and tasteful, made of single-colored silk, and ornamented with pockets and trimming of black velvet, or rows of narrow lace. Another good "fashion," announced from Europe, is that of

dressing very plainly when going to church. Some of the ladies of the "first circles" go up to worship in plain calico. It is thus sought to encourage the attendance of the very poor, who have hitherto withheld their presence for lack of Sunday clothes. Probably it will not hold out any longer than that movement of the Boston ladies to wear calico, in view of the good example it would set to parties unable to bear the expense of the modern extravagant style positively required of "respectable" people.

— Beecher don't like solemn people. "There are not a few," he says, "who, even in this life, seem to be preparing themselves for that smileless eternity to which they look forward, by banishing all gayety from their hearts, all joyousness from their countenance. I meet one such in the street not unfrequently, a person of intelligence and education, but who gives me and all that passes, such a rayless and chilling look of recognition; something as if he were one of Heaven's assessors, come down to doom every acquaintance he met, that I have sometimes began to sneeze on the spot, and gone home with a violent cold. I don't doubt he would cut his kitten's tail off, if he caught her playing with it!"

BOOK NOTICES.

The books for this month are quite numerous, notwithstanding the apparent stagnation in the trade. A heavy fall business is anticipated by the book men, and publishers are preparing accordingly.

Among the newest and best of those upon table, we may mention:

TEN YEARS OF PREACHER LIFE; Chapters from an Autobiography. By REV. W. H. WILSON. Published by DERBY & JACKSON.

GERMANY. By MAD. DE STAEL HOLSTEIN. In two volumes. 12mo. Same publishers.

HISTORY OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK. By MISS MARY L. BOOTH. One large volume, 8vo., elaborately illustrated. Published by MESSRS. CLARK & MEEKER.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SAMUEL ROGERS OF PERSONAL INTERCOURSE WITH FOX, GRATTAN PORSON, HOME, TOOKE, TALLEYRAND, etc. Published by BARTLETT & NULLS, Boston.

We must not forget also to mention PETER-

son's cheap edition of Dickens' works. This spirited publisher proposes to issue *all* of the works of Charles Dickens—to be completed in twenty-eight numbers, at twenty-five cents each! Peterson's similar edition (twenty-six parts) of Sir Walter Scott's novels is just complete. It is sold for five dollars for the whole set! No one need be without these standard works of fiction when they are to be had so cheaply.

Last but not least, we must mention the series, of "Dime Book", recently published by Irwin P. Beadle (late of Buffalo), 137 William st. New York. The series is designed particulary to unite excellence with cheapness; and, if large sales on any Index of the usefulness and value of such books, it must be said they are very successful. The series thus far comprises:

THE DIME COOK-BOOK; or, the Housewife's Pocket Companion: embodying what is most Economic, most Practical, most Excellent. By MRS. VICTOR.

THE DIME RECIPE-BOOK: a Companion to the Dime Cook-Book, embodying the latest and best information for the American household. A directory for the parlor, the nursery, the toilet, the kitchen, and sick-room. By MRS. VICTOR.

THE DIME DIALOGUES: a repertory of colloquial gems, gathered from original and fresh sources—Wit, Pathos, Humor, Senti-

ment. Designed for schools, exhibitions and families. By LOUIS LEGRAND, M. D.

THE DIME SPEAKER: a companion to the, Dime Dialogues, embracing gems of oratory for the school, the exhibition-room, the home-circle, and the study; and comprising specimens of wit, humor, pathos, and discourse, from original and eminent sources. Compiled by LOUIS LEGRAND, M. D.

THE DIME MELODIST: comprising the Music and Words of new and most popular Songs and Ballads, by J. R. THOMAS, GEO. F. Root, W. V. WALLACE, GEO. LINLEY, STEPHEN GLOVER, SAMUEL LOVER, and other eminent composers.

Among the contents are—Bonnie Eloise; Sleeping, I Dreamed, Love; Old Folks are Gone, Hazel Dell, The Good-by at the Door; Mother sweet Mother, why Linger Away? Carry me Home from Tennessee, There is a Flower that Bloometh, 'Tis Pleasant to be Young, You are all the World to me, I had a Gentle Mother, Love me Little Love me Long, Banks of the Genesee, A Hundred Years Ago, Old Josey, and over fifty others equally popular.

This series probably will be extended as the wants of the market seem to require. These most admirable little "pocket companions" are supplied by the publishers to all orders. They can be sent by mail, post-paid, to any part of the country—price ten cents each.